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{ From Beginning,  
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ARE YOU GOING FOR A SOLDIER?

Are you going for a soldier with your  
curly yellow hair,  
And a scarlet coat instead of the smock  
you used to wear?  
Are you going to drive the foe as you  
used to drive the plough?  
Are you going for a soldier now?

"Husband," she said, "I had rather closed  
Those wild eyes on the bier,  
Rather have kissed those lips when they  
were cold,  
Than seen them smile so drear!"

STEPHEN PHILLIPS.

I am going for a soldier, and my tunic is  
of red,  
And I'm tired of woman's chatter, and  
I'll hear the drum instead;  
I will break the fighting line as you broke  
your plighted vow,  
For I'm going for a soldier now.

For a soldier, for a soldier are you sure  
that you will go,  
To hear the drums a-beating and to hear  
the bugles blow?  
I'll make you sweeter music, for I'll swear  
another vow—  
Are you going for a soldier now?

I am going for a soldier if you'd twenty  
vows to make;  
You must get another sweetheart, with  
another heart to break,  
For I'm sick of lies and women, the bar-  
row and the plough,  
And I'm going for a soldier now!

E. NESBIT.

#### THE PRISONER.

Backward the prison door is flung,  
Without the young wife stands,  
While to herself she murmurs with bright  
eyes,  
And over-eager hands.

They brought the young man out to her,  
That was so strong erewhile;  
Slowly he ventured up to her strange  
arms  
With unrecalling smile.

O! like a mother she must lead  
His slow and wandering pace;  
He stammers to her like a little child,  
And wonders in her face.

O! like a daughter must she live,  
And no wife to him now;  
Only remain beside those ailing limbs,  
And soothe that aged brow.

#### AMERICA AND ENGLAND.

What is the voice I hear  
On the wind of the western sea?  
Sentinel, listen from out Cape Clear,  
And say what the voice may be.  
" 'Tis a proud, free people calling loud  
To a people proud and free.

"And it says to them: 'Kinsmen, hail!  
We severed have been too long;  
Now let us have done with a worn-out  
tale,  
The tale of an ancient wrong;  
And our friendship last long as love doth  
last,  
And be stronger than death is strong.' "

Answer them, sons of the self-same race,  
And blood of the self-same clan;  
Let us speak with each other, face to  
face,  
And answer as man to man,  
And loyally love and trust each other  
As none but free men can.

Now fling them out to the breeze,  
Shamrock, thistle and rose,  
And the Star Spangled Banner unfurl  
with these,  
A message to friends and foes,  
Wherever the sails of peace are seen,  
And wherever the war wind blows.

A message to bond and thrall to wake,  
For wherever we come, we twain,  
The throne of the tyrant shall rock and  
quake  
And his menace be void and vain,  
For you are lords of a strong young land  
And we are lords of the main.

Yes, this is the voice on the bluff March  
gale,  
"We severed have been too long;  
But now we have done with a worn-out  
tale,  
The tale of an ancient wrong,  
And our friendship last long as love doth  
last,  
And be stronger than death is strong."  
New York Herald. ALFRED AUSTIN.

From The Fortnightly Review.

"MARRIAGE QUESTIONS IN FICTION."

THE STANDPOINT OF A TYPICAL MODERN WOMAN.

Thinkers who have examined the evidence without prejudice are beginning to recognize the woman movement as a thing inevitable as well as desirable, an effort of nature to raise the race a step higher in the scale of being. This view is borne out by all who know of the principles of the most advanced women, the true leaders, among whom may be found the finest and most capable type the world has yet produced. It is the sense of right and wrong which distinguishes man from the brute, and gives hope of the eventual development of his splendid possibilities—those of which there have been many indications, especially of late—possibilities which may make of him a being of even more extraordinary powers than any he has yet foreseen. Philosophers acknowledge that there is *something* "in ceaseless, glorious antagonism to the cosmic process;" that *something* teachers on another plane describe as spirit at war with matter to subdue it; and hence comes the indication that the evolution of man is promoted by that which makes for righteousness, and by that alone. And that what is truly the woman movement makes for righteousness essentially must be evident to those who know anything about it.

The dark, materialistic phase through which the world has been passing is coming to an end. Signs of the awakening of the spirit, of its coming triumph over mere intellect, come to us continually from the most unexpected quarters; reawakenings which remind us of truths that have been known from the earliest beginnings, but are periodically allowed to lapse. It may be a poem, it may be a passage in an otherwise worthless book, a paragraph in a paper, or a chance remark, to which we owe our own individual awakening; but, whencesoever it

comes, the cause of it is of interest, and may be of use. This, at least, would seem to be the reason people are so often asked to name the source from which help came, and more particularly the books which have been epoch-making in the history of the development of their minds—the formation of their opinions. It is probable that most of us are taken aback by the question, and, out of the many books that we have read with approval and pleasure, and even returned to, find it impossible, on the spur of the moment, to name the one to which we owe most. But this is not the case with the books which have influenced public opinion and been epoch-making in the history of nations. It would be easy enough to name the chief of these, their careers are so well known. Of such works there are two kinds—the kind that produce an instantaneous effect, as, for instance, "Uncle Tom's Cabin," and the kind which make no immediate stir upon their appearance, but gradually work their way from hand to hand, are read with reflection, temperately discussed and make a lasting impression. The influence of one of these, spreading, as it does, beneath the surface insidiously, becomes a power for good or evil before it is suspected of being anything but one of the ordinary run of ephemeral productions which come, flash for a moment in newspaper notices, find their way into circulating libraries, are taken up for a little and then let fall and forgotten for the next on the list. The epoch-making book, of the kind which is not recognized for what it is all at once, is generally a book of more solid literary qualities than its showier companion which immediately appeals to the popular taste, and this is one reason for its slower, surer career. It is the finer minds that first appreciate it, and they, as it were, teach it at their leisure to such of us as are capable of instruction. A book of this kind has been among us now for some months. It is essentially not a book of the popular kind, and has made no sensation; but it

has met with the greatest respect. The gentlemen among the reviewers spoke of it generously whether they agreed with it or not; and even some of the others, when they took time to read and reflect, were not vulgar on the subject; while, among the leaders of thought, Mr. Gladstone wrote of it: "I have been reading it alike with pleasure and profit;" and Dr. Max Nordau declared it to be "... remarkable. It is one of the most suggestive contributions to the much-debated woman-question." But why woman-question rather than human-question or humanity-question, or any other expression which would suggest the combined interests of men and women, since they cannot be separated?—one pauses to ask.

The book to which I refer is called "Marriage Questions in Modern Fiction: and other Essays on Kindred Subjects." By Elizabeth Rachel Chapman (John Lane). The title is of the old-fashioned kind, elaborately conscientious, but awkward. One sees the desire in it to be accurate above everything and yet it does not give a good idea of the contents, neither does it convey any suspicion of what able critics have called "the scholarly manner in which it is written," or "the candor, perfect temper and 'sweet reasonableness' which, even when it does not persuade, makes us wish to be persuaded"—but then what title would? One must get the book, must possess it one's self, and live in it, pencil in hand, to know what it is.

Our minds are forever reaching out after something—something elusive, something which hovers on the confines of thought, but is not to be coaxed into focus; that something which it would make such a difference to be able to say to ourselves and convey to others. It is the power of expression that eludes us thus. We know what we know, we have perceived what is beyond us, but there comes to us no form of words in which to announce it. This need of expression is imperative; it is a thirst that parches painfully; so that it is rap-

ture if by some happy influence we ourselves are inspired to speak; but even if we find what we have in our consciousness expressed for us by another the joy is hardly less, while the refreshment and stimulant are, if anything, greater. In Miss Chapman's work one finds this sort of satisfaction. The subjects of her essays are of vital importance to every intelligent person; and her manner of treating them is nourishing. One reads a page, and straightway one finds one's self thinking. The mind, strengthened and stimulated, quickly assimilates the well-prepared delicate food, and sets off of itself in search of more. It fetches back forgotten knowledge from afar off, where it had lain dormant, it may be, for a long time, on the confines of recollection, and turns it into account. It does not follow that we shall be convinced by the writer who rouses us in this way. It is good to be in agreement, but it is equally good to be able to walk in kindliwise with someone from whom we differ, or think that we differ; then there is that clash of minds which draws from one and the other those illuminating flashes which help so much to light us to the truth. How slowly, slowly our ideas develop! how we have to alter, to modify, to hark back, to corkscrew our way along, and how hopeless it would all be if we gave way to the desire to appear to be right—that is to say, the desire to prove our own first crude opinions right—to try and justify our own mistakes instead of recognizing them and acknowledging them for what they are; instead of holding fast for object the truth, and struggling to arrive at it with all our might. But it is good to question, and those of us who really believe that the truth will out, and the right triumph in the end, do question fearlessly. Only the priests of a shaky faith need dread discussion. While in the questioning stage, any work that helps to settle our opinions is a work to be welcomed, especially in these days and by young people. It would be an insult to all



right-minded parents to insinuate that they do not do their best to equip their children for the battle of life with a good set of principles; but they do not always show *why* the principles are good, what necessity there is for them, what would happen without them. The problem of life would be more happily solved by most women if, in their youth, the main factors were not either systematically suppressed or misrepresented. People are often caught by specious arguments for want of a definition. "Why do you believe in monogamy?" some one asks an intelligent girl. "Oh—because I do!" she stammers, taken aback by the unexpected question. Then come the arguments of the other side, which, being the first she has heard of them, seem to her unanswerable. The old custom was to give young people nothing to read that would "unsettle their minds;" that is to say, they were only to hear one side of a question—that, naturally, of which their teachers approved; and the consequence was that when they were released from tutelage, and went out into the world, where they were liable to have the most opposite points of view presented to them casually, being unprepared, their ideas were often veritably unsettled, and that once for all. Now we go to the opposite extreme. Young people are allowed to read pretty much what they like. They wander without a guide through mazes of modern fiction, crude stuff for the most part, written by people whose own ideas are often only the degenerate echo of other writers whose work they have not half digested. Nothing could be more unwholesome than this kind of indiscriminate browsing, following upon the disastrous folly of an education which has ignored the vital questions most of us have to answer sooner or later, as we work out the problems of life for ourselves; and those are fortunate who come across an antidote like Miss Chapman's book.

Miss Chapman writes essentially from the higher standpoint. Judged by

her work, she shows herself to be a typical product of the nineteenth century, a modern woman of the best type, bold in her intellectual superiority, timid in her womanly reserve, habitually self-effacing, and desiring us all to be so; as when she suggests—

... that our prevailing habit of mind should be one of quietness and confidence, rather than of aggressiveness and arrogance.

There is a fine note of courtesy and high-breeding in all she writes, and also of exceeding gentleness; as witness the way in which she does justice to "our leading comic paper," while pleading for justice from it:—

Think [she says] how different would have been the view taken in English society at this moment of the woman of serious aims and high ideals, if she had even for one instant been referred to in its pages otherwise than with derision. Its honorable traditions have been for generations so sane, so generous, so catholic, so humane, that the humblest creature, it might be thought, would not look in vain for justice at its hands. Alas! the woman who loves knowledge, who loves wisdom, who loves her kind, and desires to take her humble share in the universal effort of all good men to leave the world a little better than they find it, is the only sentient being for whom it has no mercy, but only the most poignant shafts of its satire, the keenest edge of its ridicule. Let her be as gentle and womanly as she will (and if she is worth anything at all she does will); let her be the light of her home, and the joy of the hearts nearest to her (if she is of the right temper she will make it her primary aim to be both); let her be attractive and sweet and comely, nay, let her be beautiful—it is all one—in an organ which takes thought for the poor, which champions the down-trodden, which has always a tender word to spare for the sweated seamstress, a pitying one for the "horse o'er driven," she sees herself mirrored as hard and sour and prudish and physically repulsive—a gaunt, ill-dressed, sexless monster *pour rire*. Is it vain to point out that such a handling of the woman who has interests other than the study of

fashion-plates and the interchange of "feline amenities" is anachronistic as well as unjust? Is it useless to entreat from a journal which is a power in our midst, as well as a perennial pleasure, a tardy recognition of the difference between the real, salutary woman-movement and the froth and scum that gather on the crest of the steadily advancing wave?

But if she speaks gently, she speaks strongly also when there is need for brave words; there is no weakness in her gentleness. Take, for instance, the following passage in "*Religio Feminae*, a Foreword," where she asserts—

... that he is no friend to humanity who, *under present conditions*, would deprive humanity of a single aid to conduct, a single prop to self-control, a single incentive to self-sacrifice. Such reforms as are needed in connection with marriage—and they are many, especially in the moral and physical sphere—should be carefully built up on the existing structure. But to lay rash hands upon the existing structure itself—the difficult achievement of travelling ages, toiling out of mire into manhood—is the work not of the philosopher or far-sighted reformer, but of the incendiary or the anarchist, of the madman or the fool.

And here again in her essay on "*Marriage Questions in Modern Fiction*":—

Let us have done with temporizing, with evasions, with half-hearted tributes to motives, sincere if mistaken, with praising power when we should be stamping out a pest. Let thought be free, let thinkers be outspoken, let social problems of every kind be threshed out in the press; above all in fiction! But let us see to it that the best literary traditions of our land are preserved untarnished by compromise with the unclean thing; with what, from a scientific point of view, is nothing but atavism, and from an ethical one—corruption.

While on this subject she strikes a much-needed note of warning to the young:—

Such glad tidings as the hill-top gospel may contain are not for women at all [she says] but for the imperfectly devel-

oped male, the man of yesterday, who has not yet attained to that evolutionary stage where human beings recognize that

"Self-reverence, self-knowledge, self-control,  
These three alone lead life to sovereign power."

It is, however, by no means superfluous to put the cleverish ardent girl, in whom intellect has outstripped experience, on her guard, if only on account of the crafty plausibility with which it is sought to make her the agent of her own undoing. Throughout these two novels, the first of which glorifies the rejection of the marriage-tie, and the second the violation of it, the phraseology employed is specious in the extreme, and is of the sort which she has been accustomed to associate with the loftiest spirituality and all the nobler forms of moral effort.

But if the "ardent girl" would study the whole of this essay carefully, both before and after she reads the books with which it deals, there would be little chance of her becoming "the agent of her own undoing."

In discussing the views of others, this modern lady differs without bitterness, but firmly, giving full reason for her opinions. She knows what she means, and she says it in a manner at once masterly, scholarly and temperate. There is something flattering even in the way she disagrees—she does it so graciously; it is as if she thought one worth the trouble. She has no need to exalt herself by pulling others down, nor does she attempt it; her constant effort is to appreciate to the uttermost. All that she says is calm, judicial, the result of mature deliberation, the summing-up of a just judge, not the expression of an opinion formed at her writing-table after she took up her pen. She proves herself, in fact, to be an exceedingly able critic, but with that added grace of noble womanhood which not only makes people want to be at their best and do their best to please her, but also inspires them both to be and to do. When she objects to a passage, our impulse is to expunge it;

when she mentions a mistake, we ache to correct it. Her knowledge, taste, discrimination, sincerity and tact make of her opinion a living influence which, if only she expressed it oftener, would help to raise the literature of the day to a higher standard. She is versatile, too, this modern lady, as witness the capacity in her "Companion to 'In Memoriam'" (an admirable analysis specially mentioned in the recent "Life of Tennyson," by his son, as the best), the logic of her "Comtist Lover," the poetry in "A Little Child's Wreath." One understands why Tennyson loved her conversation, and how it came about that it was to her he gave his great pronouncement on art, the master-word:—

... Pausing as we strolled on the terrace of his beautiful Surrey home: "They talk of *art for art's sake*. There is something higher than art for art's sake—art for man's sake."

It is, I believe [she comments upon this] only in proportion as we are capable of receiving that saying that we shall individually or nationally excel in art, and bring to perfection those shapes, those tones, those ideas of beauty which always at their best uplift as well as interest, purify as well as fascinate mankind.

In her present work Miss Chapman gives, in "Religio Fœminæ," an admirably clear statement of her views on social subjects. They are the views which are held by pretty nearly all the best and most advanced modern women; and any sane person must wonder, when he comes to study them, what kind of creatures they are who receive with derision and refuse with discourtesy demands so moderate and reasonable as well as so just, and so evidently calculated to further the interests of men and women alike. Take what she says on the vexed question of equality, for instance:—

I do not hold it essential to labor the question of abstract equality between the sexes. It appears to me that there is un-

wisdom in insisting upon the theoretic acceptance of this dogma, and that women should, for the present, content themselves with the Napoleonic maxim—*La carrière ouverte aux talents*—in other words, with the opportunity to test their powers, and to give proof of capacity in a fair field without favor. All that we need demand, I take it, is the removal from our path of obstacles based on convention, or prejudice, or a monopolizing selfishness. The rest may safely be left to the arbitrament of time.

She believes—

... the best woman to be she who, while rejoicing in her home, and diffusing joy around her there, rejoicing in her womanhood, in her motherhood, in the love she gets and the love she spends, has yet breadth of sympathy and energy of character enough to embrace interests outside the personal sphere, and, as legitimate opportunity offers, to absorb herself in these; the woman who is capable of abstract thought and serious study, who is bent on ridding herself of the shallower and pettier traits which subjection and irresponsibility have fostered in her sex, who cares for the honor of her country as well as for the comfort of her household, for the welfare of the race as well as for her own happiness.

Towards the marriage question, as might be predicted from the foregoing, this last modern woman's attitude is uncompromising. She allows that love is the only excuse for marriage, yet she will have no trifling with the legal bond. She asserts that—

It is the heart which will not have its affection degraded, knowing that to exchange legal marriage for mere voluntary unions, mere temporary partnerships, would be, not to set love free, but to give love its death-blow by divorcing it from the higher human element, which is the note of marriage rightly understood, and which places regard for order, regard for offspring, regard for the common weal, above personal interest, and the mere selfish gratification of the moment.

But it is the attitude of this modern woman towards divorce that will most

astonish those who say so much and know so little about women and their opinions—the superficial observers who have not yet grasped the fact that the woman movement makes for law and order, and for the attainment in all things of a higher standard of life. If it did not would it be so bitterly opposed by the base and the sensual? It is not against sin that the gibes of the world go forth, but against sanctification; whatever threatens to rob the wicked of their prey is set upon, and suffers such distortion that its true aspect is defaced.

This question of divorce is very properly a question for women to consider and settle. It is women who suffer most from the evil effect of any mistaken change in social arrangements. They suffered cruelly to begin with by the introduction of an unequal law of divorce by which their own faults were severely punished, while those of their husbands were specially licensed; they continue to suffer also by the deterioration of society, which results in the introduction of additional elements of discord into every-day life.

In 1857 the English Divorce Act was passed, and since then, doubtless, individuals have benefited by it; but not more, probably than they would have done if, instead of divorce, greater facility for separation had been granted, as the opponents of divorce desire. Since the introduction of divorce sufficient time has passed to enable us to judge of its effect upon the community at large, and two such distinguished statesmen as Mr. Gladstone and Mr. Phelps agree that both in England and America absolute divorce—divorce permitting re-marriage—has proved worse than a failure. Mr. Phelps summed up a startling impeachment, which he published in the *Forum*, of the existing system in America by declaring that "*The whole business is a disgrace to our country, and an alarming menace to social order.*" In an article in *The North American Review*, published in 1888, Mr. Gladstone, speaking of the

effect of the English Divorce Act, says:—

Unquestionably since that time (1857), the standard of conjugal morality has perceptibly declined among the higher classes of this country, and scandals in respect to it have become more frequent. The decline, as a fact, I know to be recognized by persons of social experience and insight, who in no way share my abstract opinions on divorce.

Miss Chapman has formed her own opinion on the subject of divorce out of an intimate knowledge of the consequences which have followed upon it in all times, and she concludes that—

. . . whose robs marriage of its indissolubility, and would degrade it into a fugitive association, practically destroys the civilized union, and takes the first retrograde step, leading slowly but surely backward to the moral level of the Hot-tentot or the Bushman.

She faces the subject boldly from every point of view, sentimental, religious, ethical and scientific, treating it always, however, with her own peculiar delicacy and charm of style; and every argument she advances adds to the strength of her position. She recognizes that individuals must suffer; but then individuals *should* suffer—they should glory in suffering and self-sacrifice for the good of the community. Besides, the individual himself, if for no very lofty motive, probably *would* sacrifice his desire of the moment in most cases if only he could realize what his own feelings about it would be in a few years' time, whatever happened; how, if he were sane, the said desire would have cooled, been swamped or crowded out by the thousand details of life which continually collect and subtract from each other's importance. The apotheosis of passion in literature and by tradition has had more to do with making unhappy households than any other preventable cause. In literature, as in life, by calling passion love, and giving it precedence over every

other consideration, one gets a cheap and easy but primitive and false effect. It is well for the story of Romeo and Juliet that it ends where it does. Of course such a passion might have led to love, but it does not generally, as every one knows who has had experience of Romeos and Juliets. In such cases the beautiful poetry is only too apt to resolve itself into pitiful prose. Before the dream has well begun it may end in horrible satiety, in intense dissatisfaction; and then comes the fatal moment when each of the pair blames the other for the trick their senses have played them, and all is over. Passion is not the best sentiment with which to begin housekeeping together, and this is being acknowledged now as it has never been before. Fine is the force of definition, and this is its day. It is confusion of mind that confounds love with passion. There is just the difference between love and passion that there is between healthy high spirits and the intoxication of wine. Passion is in its nature transient, a disorder of the senses, a thing that cloy; it must cease to be itself before it becomes worthy of respect. There may be passion without a particle of love, nay, even with hate; and there may be love without passion. For the thresholds of love and hate adjoin; and passion stands midway between the two, ready to resolve itself into either. When passion develops into love there is often a period of intense suffering to be endured before the transformation is complete; love seems at first so much less desirable, so poor and dull a thing in comparison. But love is solid certainty, and passion but a gaudy illusion. Love is compact of every little kindly grace; it is a matter of habit, of association; it lives on duty done, on care bestowed, on kindly little sacrifices of self in daily life, in the continual essentially human effort to make others happy. Love, like passion, may have its stages, but they are always from the lower to the higher. And as it is in the particular, so it is in

the general; it prefers the good of the community at large to its own immediate advantage.

One may take it as a guide through life that that feeling is unworthy which makes us act unworthy; to prefer our own happiness to the good of others is unworthy. Love cannot do this, but passion can. Passion is the desire of the flesh for self-indulgence, and it is for this that it pleads with every artifice that can be disguised by eloquence; but those who pass out of the lower stage where the glamour of passion dazzles, see for themselves what it is, that its free love is free lust, and its liberty is license. The higher natures all abandon the cant of passion for the cult of love eventually.

Miss Chapman shows this more clearly and more comprehensively than any other writer with whose work I am acquainted. Her conclusion is that only by making the supreme relation of man and woman indissoluble is the advance of the race secured; and she arrives at it by the most logical reasoning. Her essay on "The Indissolubility of Marriage," in which she takes the more scientific point of view, treating the subject under the headings "Nature," "Instinct," "History," "Science" and "Experience," met with the emphatic approval of Mr. Alfred Russel Wallace, who quoted it in an article on "Human Selection," which he contributed to the *Fortnightly Review*. In that article the eminent scientist protested strongly, from the standpoint of the physiologist and evolutionist, against any attempt to tamper with "public opinion as to the beneficial character of monogamy and permanence in marriage;" and he gave Miss Chapman's synopsis of the case for permanent marriage as expressing his "own views."

But Miss Chapman is equally convincing when she argues from the ethical standpoint. Her belief in the ultimate perfectibility of human nature does not blind her to the fact that—



We are placed here and now in the midst of weak and erring human creatures who need the education of the law, the restraints of religion, the checks of social usage and of public opinion to keep them in the narrow path of wisdom, and to lead them through the strait gate of virtue;

and she is practical in her suggestions. In her essay, "Why we should oppose Divorce," she says:—

It is not by facilitating the rupture of marriage, it is by making true marriage easier, that we should endeavor to reform existing evils. While keeping the eyes very firmly fixed on our ideal—the strict monogamic union—we should toil incessantly for the remedying of the conditions which make wise choice in marriage so difficult. First and foremost we should diligently nurture the growing opinion which ranks unchastity in *either sex* with the anti-social and contemptible vices, such as theft, or fraud, or cowardice, or falsehood. Then, having trained our children, especially, in this opinion, we should, I venture to think, educate them together, and generally promote more *camaraderie* and freer intercourse between youths and maidens thus prepared to enjoy each other's society in honesty and honor. In this way we should lessen the excuse for hasty courtships and rash unions, formed in obedience to superficial impulses, or in craven fear of gossiping tongues.

Selection, of course, has much to do with happiness in marriage; but a recognition of the necessity for adaptation has even more, perhaps. Once married, it is only in exceptional cases that kindly, considerate and intelligent people have no power to win each other's affections; and those cases are generally due to some defect of nature which should have prevented them from marrying at all.

Life is meant to be pleasant, and would be, if it were not for those mistaken ideas of what is pleasant, which make all the mischief. The power to appreciate what is noble and beautiful gives more delight than any quantity of champagne; and the power comes of cultivation; but the discipline is severe.

As one knows more of life one perceives how, through all their confusion of mind, the fathers of the church laid hold of an essential truth when they insisted on the necessity of subduing the flesh. The great human heart suffereth long and is kind, and its purest love is rooted in discipline—the discipline of self-denial and self-sacrifice. It is not indulgence, but self-restraint, duty and the joys of duty—never enough extolled—that round a life, make the glory of its heyday, the music of its evensong, the peace of its decline. An excuse for self-indulgence is at the bottom of all laxity of principle in social relations. Those who would make of marriage a mere fugitive arrangement may deceive themselves in regard to their motives; but it is pretty certain that they are for the most part people to whom the recurrent excitement of passion is as dram-drinking to the dipsomaniac, as dear a delight and as disastrous. This is shown in their attitude towards each other first of all and then towards the children. With regard to each other, they are prepared from the first to change their minds, for change of feeling begins from the moment that we admit the possibility; with regard to the children, they are abominable. They would relegate the most humanizing influence in our lives to public institutions! The proposition comes well to show us the worth of their theories from the humanitarian point of view, just now when the terrible result of Barrack Schools for children is occupying public attention, and even Boards of Guardians are being moved by pity to put the pauper children out to board in families that they may escape the brutalizing effect of being herded together and uncared for in so far as their affections are concerned. Men and women who do not delight in "the sweet trouble that the children give" are not agreeable either to know or to think about; but one would just like to ask what these people propose to do with the time that should be given to the



little ones? They cannot all be occupied in arts and crafts making masterpieces.

And the children themselves? Occasionally a child in a family is misunderstood; no one knows what happens then; but that is the exception. What would it be, though, in the state nurseries? And what would be the future of the wee creatures who had never known a mother's good-night kiss, never ridden on a father's knee; who had no sweet memories of winter evenings by the fireside when Daddy told tales, of frosty mornings when he took them out to feed the birds—of any of those tender recollections which remain through life, latent, it may be, most of the time, but still within reach; hallowing influences which resume their sway at critical moments, and save us from the enemy? And as age came on what would become of the parents themselves? Fathers, whom no son or daughter loved; mothers, without an arm to lean upon. Those who do honestly believe that we should be happier if the discipline of marriage were relaxed must be totally blind to all consequences but the one that would immediately result.

The introduction of a few examples of the working of special facilities for divorce, and the practical outcome of retrograde ideas in regard to the relations of the sexes, would add to the value of the next edition of Miss Chapman's book. An illustration is always worth more than an argument. The woman whose heart does not melt with tenderness merely at the thought of little arms stretched out to her in the first dumb recognition of her love should be spoken of compassionately, as one who is grievously afflicted, one who has been deprived of the greatest good in life. The delight of a young pair in their children is one of the most heavenly things on earth, but these "reformers" would rob us of the spectacle. And all for what? An extra number of lovers if we like!

Great good has been done from per-

sonal motives, and, therefore, the personal does not necessarily imply the petty or the pernicious; still it is well to know the origin of people's opinions before we allow ourselves to be influenced. You cannot take a man or woman seriously whose whole attitude is determined by one little personal experience, like a certain well-known scientific gentleman who was making a crusade against the monstrous pretensions of women, and influenced some of us considerably, until it leaked out that the poor man was under the thumb of a terrible little termagant of a wife at home, whom even the cook did not dare to oppose.

The history of man as a proprietor does not inspire confidence in his disinterestedness, and women would do well to be wary when their interests are under discussion. Any argument which does not recognize the spiritual aspiration of the human race is not worth considering. The tendency of divorce is to degrade marriage to the physical plane entirely, and there "the true heart's seraph yearning for better things" finds no satisfaction. Greater facility for divorce means more self-indulgence for those who are that way inclined, and more misery for the rest—especially the women and children. I have recently seen some piteous letters from a place where it is becoming the rule for husbands to divorce elderly wives, and without making adequate provision for them either, in order to marry younger women. At a public dinner the toast of the guest of the evening, a married man, was coupled with the hope that the "obstacle" to his union with the girl of his heart might soon be removed, and was drunk with cheers. It seems incredible, yet the statement was made by one who spoke in the tone of an earnest person. We must have more information on the subject. But in the meantime, in view of what is happening around us and of what may happen, Miss Chapman's work is one to study. The temptation is to quote more from it; but taking soli-

tary passages is unsatisfactory, for however much one quotes, short of the whole, there is always more one would like to mention. It is, as I said before, a book to possess, especially for young people who would arrive at the highest ideal of marriage, parenthood and citizenship; for teachers; and for open-minded people who would know the trend of the times, and see for themselves in what direction our much-maligned modern women are steering. Miss Chapman strikes the new note of the day, even if she does not play the whole tune, and it is impossible to read her essays without having one's moral education helped on enormously. In embracing her principles, one feels that one has struggled up from a lower to a higher stage of being.

SARAH GRAND.

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SKETCHES.<sup>1</sup>

BY PAUL BOURGET.

II.

THE ADVERSARY.

Translated for The Living Age by William Marchant.

PART I.

Twenty times I have been tempted to relate, just as it happened, half-real, half-imaginary, a singular drama, in which I was concerned, several years ago. And, as often, this character of unreality on the one hand, and, on the other, the lack of harmony between these events and the scenes in which they took place, have made me hesitate. But different confidences that I have received, and reading of various modern works on psychology, especially the "Annals of Psychic Science," have led me to believe that phenomena of a certain order, characterized as "marvellous," are comparatively frequent; and I have thought that many readers, far from being surprised at the portions of this story which remain mysterious to me, may find in them some resemblance

to events in their own history; while those whose one explanation of all mystery is chance will perhaps tolerate the strangeness of this story for the sake of its foreign setting and some traits of character drawn from life. Besides, although the facts I am about to relate were doubtless exceptional, they do not exclude the summary explanation of a coincidence; and why should I not confess that to such an explanation I myself am most frequently inclined?

In the springtime of the year 189-, I was travelling in the East. I had come slowly from Beirut to Tyre and to S. Jean d'Acre, and thence to Carmel and Jerusalem, passing days in the saddle and nights under a tent, in conditions of existence very primitive, but very healthful, and, assuredly, never was my nervous system less disposed to morbid impressions. Moreover, the circumstances in which began what I have just called a drama—using a rather serious, and yet the fitting, word—were not of the kind that dispose the mind to wild imaginings. Nothing less romantic or more natural could be found. Fatigued with sleeping in camps, I had, as soon as we reached the city of the Holy Sepulchre, left my men to establish themselves with their horses near the Gate of Jaffa, and had myself prosaically taken a room in a kind of caravanseray, fitted up in European style by a former dragoman. At this time of the year, a fortnight after the Easter celebrations, this hotel was almost empty, and I could not avoid making acquaintance with the six persons in whose company I dined at the table d'hôte. These words are quite out of keeping, are they not, with those visions which the name of Jerusalem invokes; and the guests at this dinner-table were not much more appropriate. There was, first, an old German lady, with a companion scarcely younger than herself; then, an American business man of fifty and his wife; then, an Austrian commercial traveller repre-

<sup>1</sup> Copyright by The Living Age Company.

senting a London house; finally, one of my own countrymen; and certainly I never suspected, when I began talking with him, that he would remain forever connected, in my memory, with the most mysterious occurrences that I have ever in my life witnessed.

This young man was named Alfred Vincent. He was perhaps thirty years old. He was rather tall, narrow-shouldered, already a little bald, somewhat puny in appearance, with that blending of the refined and the plebeian which is so often seen in the French middle class. By the thickness of the ear and the rather heavy features of the massive face, I should have guessed the peasant near by, even if I had not learned almost immediately the very recent origin of the fortune which gave this young man leisure for a journey so extensive. His grandfather had become rich in the manufacture of cutlery at Thiers, which was the native place of the family. Alfred had been brought up in Auvergne until his twelfth year. Thus we had at once souvenirs of childhood to form a tie between us. His parents had had but two children, a boy and a girl—after the French custom, which avoids dividing an inheritance too much. The family had come to Paris to complete the education of these two children. Now, Alfred alone survived, having lost this sister and these parents. Separated from his early home by his twenty years or more of life in Paris; separated by his fortune from his cousins who had remained poor; without occupation, because he had not been able to choose a career—he presented the true type of that *third generation* which is often such poor material among us, and for so many profound reasons! Such was the individual as I made him out, besides what he himself told me, after two days. But I had become aware of this, also: that, unlike most of the young men of means of this class, he preserved two excellent traits: he was desirous to learn, and he was capable of independent views. The

heredity from the grandfather appeared in this twofold instinct, and this proof of real intelligence rendered still more pitiable the idleness in which he was preparing to grow old, like so many others of his class. Still further, he said to me the first evening, speaking of Galilee, where he had travelled with Renan's famous book in his hand:—

"I will confess to you that I am not at all a believer. I explored Palestine as an observer, not as a pilgrim. But on one point I regard this 'Life of Jesus' as absolutely false. The author asserts a resemblance between the apostles and these people whom you meet now at Nablous, at Nazareth or Tiberius. To me, the effect is just the other way. Instead of growing more real by contact with the Syrian population and these scenes, the figures in the Gospel grow more remote, they fade out and disappear. They are too different. I don't very clearly understand the reasons for the immense moral revolution effected by the twelve early companions of the Christ; but if I imagined they were like these fishermen of to-day on the Lake of Tiberius, the mystery would be absolutely incomprehensible. In reality, Renan's scepticism was incomplete; he hadn't doubts enough as to himself."

This remark is not very original, and I merely relate it to establish, first, that this young man occupied himself with intellectual things; and, next, that he was not at all inclined to superstition. These two traits of his nature—still very French here, with his clear-headedness and his positivism—made his confidences of more value in the particular crisis which, unknown to us, was close at hand.

During the first days which followed our meeting, I confess I suffered from the chill of this mind, its almost entire lack of enthusiasm. He was constantly with me, like my shadow, and, truly, in this Jerusalem which one must feel and experience rather than analyze, he was not a desirable com-

panion. Too much enthusiasm is mingled with the stones of this city, its atmosphere is too fevered, for it to be possible that one should see it well without a trifle of ardor, a little fever one's self. All this was entirely lacking in Vincent. In talking with him, at different points in this city of Calvary, I could measure the degree to which these twenty years of systematic radicalism had de-Christianized the French youth. I remember, for instance, having pointed out to him, before the door of the Holy Sepulchre, a most touching emblem: the stone marking the tomb of a crusader, one Jacques Daubigny, who had desired to be buried there, at the threshold of this sanctuary for whose deliverance he had come to die, so far from home, so far from his own people. The outline of the figure and his shield are yet discernible on the stone. It is the humble soldier killed at his post; and how grand!

"It looks so," Alfred Vincent answered me, "but probably this worthy crusader was a great robber, like the others. I was only a child at the time of our war; but no matter, I have had no faith in heroes since then! The Bavarians carried off too many of our clocks, and the Mobs plundered too much in our wine-cellar."

That a mind acute and cultivated, and yet to this degree unimaginative and prosaic, should suddenly give me the spectacle of violent nervous impressions was something I did not expect, though it is true that extreme sensitiveness of the nerves may be associated with the worst Philistinism of the intellect. This is often proved among women of the middle class. Five days after our first meeting I witnessed this disconcerting change of front, just at the moment, indeed, when I was planning to rid myself of a companionship too unresponsive, as it seemed to me. I had even taken a first step by going off alone to Bethany, and to the grotto of *Lazarus veni foras*. Returning, I found the hotel crowded with new arrivals. Jerusalem was inundated

with tourists, and instead of regretting this, as would have been natural, I rejoiced at it. Alfred Vincent would make new acquaintances, and I should be more independent.

I came back, therefore, very cheerfully to my place at the common table, where I had, that evening, at my right, Vincent, as usual, and at my left, an Englishman of the communicative species. There are such. The new comer was a tall and robust athlete of thirty, with a bull-dog face, square nose, heavy chin, very blond hair of a reddish tinge, very light eyes in a complexion ruddy under its tan. He did not present at first sight any peculiarity by which he might be distinguished from the innumerable young men of his race who are at this moment wandering over the world, all with the same physiognomy of gymnasts and boxers, all clad in the same costumes adapted to every climate and every sport, all over-nourished, whether at the equator or near the pole, with roast meat, spirits and dry champagne. One detail, however, was peculiar in the case of Mr. Robert Marshall—his voice, which was very gentle, slightly veiled, almost feminine. The contrast between his evident virility of endurance and this timbre of voice so delicate, so musical, became yet more noticeable when the young Englishman spoke French, which he did with a slight foreign accent. He used our language, however, with extraordinary skill. I was less surprised at this when I learned that he had a little of our blood in his veins. His grandmother was a Bordelaise. This mixed race explained the singular ambiguity of his entire being, a something complex which was evident in him. Although he had the frank and rather abrupt manners which the English cultivate, he did not produce the impression of being as simple-minded, as transparent, as his countrymen usually are. He at once attracted and repelled, like all those natures very amiable but too supple, which fascinate yet cause distrust.

This was my vague impression, of a kind which accidental meetings suggest by hundreds, and I should not have formulated it so far, had it not been for my conversation with Alfred Vincent the same evening. I had observed his silence at the table, and had attributed it to my afternoon desertion. I looked for him after dinner in the *patio* where we were accustomed to spend part of the evening smoking the *narghillé*, surrounded by dealers who exhibited Indian fabrics, rugs from Persia or Asia Minor, and Damascus weapons. He was not to be found. I began to fear lest I had actually offended him, and as he had really been very friendly towards me, I thought it was my duty to go up to his room, and especially because we had projected a little expedition to the monastery of Mâr-Saba and the Dead Sea. I owed to him at least some reasonable excuse for abandoning this plan. Our interview, the strange character of which I could not at all foresee, was destined to give me a very unexpected reason for adhering to the plan of the expedition.

I found Vincent packing a small port-manteau with the air of a person who is preparing to leave in the morning. He appeared rather annoyed by my visit and said at once, before I could ask any question:—

"You are surprised to see me busy in this way? If you had been alone I should have spoken of it to you before. It is my intention to hasten my return to Europe. I shall take the steamer of the 21st, and as to-day is the 16th, I have only time to make the expedition to Mâr-Saba. I did not wish to hurry you, and I was intending to go alone."

He was silent. His embarrassment was so singular, his procedure so unlike his usual way of acting, that I replied, without the least hesitation:—

"We have been so friendly together that it is a pity to part upon a misunderstanding. Have I given you offence in any way?"

"You? What an idea!" he cried, with evident sincerity. "I should be very

sorry to have you construe my sudden departure in that way. And besides, I was meaning to ask you this evening whether you would be willing to accompany me to-morrow. I only desired to leave you free to act your pleasure about going. Besides," he continued, after a little hesitation, "why should I hide from you the reason of my sudden departure? After all, I owe you an explanation; and it will be a relief to me to give it to you."

He came across the room as he spoke, and made no attempt to conceal an agitation which betrayed a severe internal conflict. He stopped abruptly in front of me, and said, with that imperative anxiety which mingles with confidences when one is a little ashamed of making them:—

"Promise that you will not ridicule me, whatever I may tell you; and permit me first to ask you two questions?"

"I promise and I permit," was my reply; "and do not distress yourself about the excursion to Mâr-Saba; nothing prevents me from going with you to-morrow morning."

This seemed to tranquillize him. I perceived it by the tone with which he said: "Thank you." Then, after a few minutes' silence, and with more embarrassment, he went on: "My questions will seem to you so odd; and I feel like a fool myself in asking them. Well, since you won't laugh—have you ever in your life had presentiments, and do you believe in them?"

"I have had no experience of them personally," I said, "or, at least, nothing serious enough to speak of. But I believe in them, to a certain extent. For instance, I have never had cause to commend myself for having struggled to overcome an antipathy. And why should not nature, in our case, as in the case of animals, be furnished with a certain instinct which puts us on guard against latent hostility? Only it is all so vague, so confused, so indefinable."

"Then you do not deny presentiments?" said Alfred Vincent. "Now tell me, do you admit resemblances? I mean to say—in such or such a person.



met for the first time, did you ever recognize a certain other person, already met, in other circumstances, even when the two have never seen each other, and are absolutely strangers, one to the other? And have you observed that these personal resemblances always are accompanied by profound moral resemblances?"

"This is one of my hobbies," I interrupted him. "I am haunted by the vision of these likenesses. I am persuaded that there is only a fixed and limited number of human individuals, and these recur, the same always; they always act in the same way; that is, two human beings of the same type, never having met each other, placed at the two extremities of the social world, would act identically in identical circumstances. Substantially, each one of us has always the same friends and the same adversaries. This theory is difficult to prove by facts, as are all theories which touch the mysterious domain of personality. But, to me, it is undoubted truth."

Vincent had listened with extreme attention. His face had seemed to grow more cheerful as I talked, and it was with an assured tone that he now replied:—

"Well! it is one of these resemblances which has tortured me this evening to the point that I can no longer endure it. I refer to the new-comer who sat at your right, with that rather square face, those light eyes, that something feline, coaxing in his manner which, in the main, is that of a very robust and outspoken person."

"I see that you looked at him very closely," I said.

"No," he rejoined, with a strange emphasis, "I did not look closely at him, I *recognized him at sight*. He is the fourth individual of this type—exactly of this type, do you understand?—that I have met; and when I tell you what happened to me in the case of the three others, you will understand that I could not endure the idea of having anything to do with this one. You know how rebellious I am towards superstition, and

yet, as true as you sit here, I know, *I cannot help knowing*, that if I do not obey this instinct, this man will bring me calamity. How? In what respect? That I don't know. But he will cause me some calamity, as the others did, and in the same manner."

He uttered this irrational but honest conviction with an incredible ardor of faith. Amid the curiosity which overmastered me, I could not but reflect upon that law of mental equilibrium which compels each soul to have its share of belief in the supernatural. This man did not admit the supernatural in religion, but he recognized it, at one special point of every-day life, with a faith that was total, absolute, unreasoning. And now he was beginning his story:—

"The first time I met this type of person—this adversary, as you called him just now—was over fifteen years ago. I was at school in Paris, a boarding-school, for my father had no faith in home education. The day after the New Year's holidays, there came a new boy, who was, with the difference in age taken into account, the very image of this Englishman down stairs. I shall tell you only his Christian name, Lucian. Even to this day I do not like to speak his surname. Yes, it was the same creature exactly, completely, with that same ruggedness and that same coaxing way, the heavy, cold face, the ruddy complexion and the soft glance, and besides this, the grace of youth. I remember that from the time he came into our room—his desk was next but one to mine—I felt for him a mingled sympathy and antipathy, an aversion and a spontaneous attraction—unlike anything I had ever felt before. Since, I have formed a clear idea of this discomfort by repeating the experience as to-night, and in exactly parallel conditions. The attraction overpowers the aversion, as it would now, I am sure, in spite of what I have told you, if I were to meet only two or three times more your left-hand neighbor of the table d'hôte. I became more intimate with Lucian than with any other



of my comrades. His influence over me was the more extraordinary as we had no ideas and no tastes in common. We were truly two animals of different species. He was irregular and disorderly, by turns industrious and idle, assiduous and slothful; I was regularity itself. I adored my parents and my sister; he was on very bad terms with his family. It is only just to say that his mother had re-married, and his step-father treated him harshly. I was the obedient scholar who never got into trouble. He was the boy always in disgrace, and, after the first week, in open war with the authorities.

"Now for what happened. There was in the school a lad of fourteen, the son of an actress in some second-rate theatre, who had made herself notorious. The head-master either did not know this, or decided not to take any steps in the matter until he was driven to it. Finally, however, complaints were made by parents who had received information in some way. The head-master sent for the mother and requested her to take away her boy. She consented, but later, under bad advice, refused. Then the lad was publicly expelled. The mother complained among her friends, and the complaint came to the ears of some newspaper man, short of copy. A campaign of the press was inaugurated which lasted three days. You can imagine how we welcomed it. Lucian was among the first to take part. He prepared a letter of protest destined to be published, and begged me to copy it because of my neat handwriting. This letter was handed about in the school and had received many signatures, when an usher seized it. My writing was recognized, and I was sent home to my parents."

"And your friend did not confess himself the author of this manifesto?" I asked.

"No," Vincent replied; "but call to mind the look and voice of this Englishman at the table d'hôte. There always comes a moment when these feline bulldogs fail to act honorably. Besides,

Lucian had an excuse. After such an escapade as this, his step-father would have been capable of anything, while I had only to fear being sent to another school. At any rate, he made no confession; I said nothing; but the punishment proved to be more severe than I had expected. My father, usually most indulgent, was, for once, extremely angry, and I was forced to finish my year in a country school, when I passed four long months a close prisoner indoors. Don't you see I was wrong not to yield to my first instinct of aversion?"

"Certainly," I said, "the warning was clear enough. But—are you quite sure that you did not imagine it *after* the event?"

"Quite," he rejoined; "and besides, hear the rest of my story. Years had passed since this occurred. I had taken my degree. I had made my military service. I was about to pass my second examination in law. I had completely forgotten Lucian and my school-boy misfortunes, when I met a student of my own age who laid hold of me at first sight by this mysterious resemblance, in which you believe also. I will not say it was Lucian, grown four years older, for there were very noticeable differences between the two—in figure, for instance. The second was not quite as tall, at twenty-two, as the other had been at seventeen. But it was a Lucian, nevertheless, and so profoundly, so intimately like the other in physical organization, in expression, in look, in voice, that when we first met I asked him if he were not related to my old schoolmate. He had never heard the other's name. The most curious thing about this resemblance, this identity of the two, was the identity of my first impressions in each case. The same mixture of sympathy and antipathy, of attraction and aversion, was repeated. In a word, *I heard the warning*; but, as before, I did not heed it. This comrade was brilliant and fascinating. I became intimate with him, as I had been with the other. He lived at home, but

I was alone in Paris, my parents spending their winters, with my invalid sister, in the South. One fine day my new friend came to beg a favor of a rather delicate kind. But among young men, you know, there is a readiness to oblige. He had occasion to receive letters which could not be sent to his father's house; and, for motives of which he begged me not to require an explanation, he desired that these letters should come addressed to me. A special seal would distinguish them. I consented. I spare you the details of this commonplace adventure. There was a woman in the case, as you may have guessed—the wife of a friend of my friend's brother. The husband intercepted one of these letters. It probably contained no proper name to indicate the person to whom it was really addressed. He came to me, raving, and insulted me brutally. This was the result," and unfastening his cravat and his shirt he showed me a scar on the left breast. "A serious wound received in the most unjust of duels."

"And you did not compel this perfidious fellow to take the blame?"

"I never saw him again," was the reply. "While I was fighting with the husband, he escaped into Italy, where the wife joined him. It was inevitable. The type requires him to betray me on occasion. But I have the strangest part yet to tell you. This second experience did not suffice to guard me forever against such men of this type. For I met a third one, two years ago. Again I had my warning. Again I neglected it. Here the affair was more serious. You will excuse details. He and I visited frequently at a certain house where I loved a young girl. I had introduced him there. He is to-day her husband. He had a right to be. He knew how to win her love. This third experience is, in some degree, the cause of our acquaintance; for, since then, I have been inclined to travel. Now, I am certain that there is in the world a race of men with whom I ought never, never to have any intercourse, under

penalty of being immediately and severely punished. Even after what you have acknowledged yourself about presentiments and resemblances, you will not think me reasonable; but this conviction is so fixed in my mind that I would rather travel alone for days among the mountains of Moab, with all their robbers, than go, with this Englishman, from this hotel to the Holy Sepulchre! And now, you understand my abrupt decision to go away," he concluded, holding out his hand; "I thank you that you spare me all regret by going with me yourself."

I am quite sure that I have given this conversation almost word for word, for I wrote it down that evening in my journal, so singular it seemed to me. And, as I read it over now, the language produces the effect of having been used by one rather unreasonable person and listened to by another. But this impression is retrospective. At the moment, the intense certainty stamped upon the words overcame in my mind all temptation to ridicule. And—I may as well confess it—the psychological anomaly which Vincent had confided to me with such evident sincerity stimulated the observer in me to such a point that I gave orders without regret to Joseph, my dragoman, to be ready for departure in the morning.

[TO BE CONCLUDED.]

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From Blackwood's Magazine.

JOHN NICHOLSON OF DELHI.

"That pale, commanding brow, those eagle eyes, that firm-set mouth—you know that you look upon one destined for great things, born to be a ruler among his fellow-men. . . . Only a captain in the army, though he has held higher local rank, [he] has already attained a foremost place among the famous soldier-statesmen of our latest conquered kingdom—province they call it in India—of the Punjab. He has

shown a conspicuous capacity for affairs, civil or military. He has shown that he has in him the qualities of a great administrator as well as of a great general. Placed in charge of a wild, turbulent, newly-acquired district on the Punjab frontier, he had introduced law and order into it, founded cities in it and intersected it with roads. He had, at the same time, made it secure against the incursions of the wild frontier tribes; had stricken an awe into them such as they had never felt before. . . . He was a terrible man—terrible in the battle-field, terrible in his office-chair. He exacted an implicit obedience, the utmost tale of work. He was an indefatigable worker himself. His enforcement of a full pull at the collar, his imperious, unbending will, his reserved nature, which seemed to expand and become genial only on the battle-field, made ordinary men think service under him hard and unpleasant. That was the only thing that could be urged against his civil rule. But his name was a name of power.

"Such had been the effect of his fine presence, his strength of intellect, his force of will, his fearlessness, his constant command of success; of his strict justice, and, it may be added, of his plain, pure mode of living, that he had actually to exert all the power of his authority to prevent himself from being deified, for a sect had started up bearing his name, of which he was to have been the god, the object of worship."

"There is only one man of whom all this can be said!" would be the exclamation of most readers who were unaware that the passage we have quoted is taken from a work of fiction; and yet they would not be so far wrong as might at first appear, for it is an open secret that in the Philip Lennox of "Eight Days," Mr. R. E. Forrest has sought to draw the portrait of John Nicholson. Absolute fidelity to his original is not, of course, to be expected from a novelist. We have glimpses of the Spartan childhood of the hero, of the lofty friendship between his mother

and himself, of the studies which exhibited the bent of his mind—even of the religious difficulties which troubled him; but the exigencies of romance have demanded an important modification in the personality portrayed. Philip must fall in love like other men, although his love-story is so far in keeping with the tragic cast of his character that it ends in a whirl of blood and fire in one of the most terrible episodes of 1857. But the life of his prototype, differing in this from that of most of the great men who were his contemporaries, is entirely devoid of what critics call a "love-interest." We hear much of the beautiful home-life of which Henry and Honoria Lawrence were the centre; we have the emphatic testimony of Herbert Edwardes to the worth of "a noble wife who loves you better than all men and women, but God better than you;" and we see the stern savior of India, "Iron John" himself, slipping off to Marri, in the very thick of the tremendous pressure of the mutiny, to snatch a few hours with his wife—but of Nicholson there is no such tale to be told. Of him it could pre-eminently be said, as of the prophet Elijah or Peter the Hermit in other ages, that he lived alone and died alone. To give further currency to a familiar misquotation, he seems to lack the touch of nature which makes the whole world kin. Even in his lifetime many myths had gathered round his name, and the forty years which have elapsed since his death have left him, like one of Ossian's heroes, a titantic figure looming through clouds of legend. The growth of this feeling of mystery and remoteness has been aided by the fact that he has remained hitherto without a biographer. It is true that when he died there was no lack of obituary notices in the periodicals of the time, and no history of the mutiny has been considered complete without a sketch of his character and career; but the loving care which gathered the scattered threads of the lives of the two Lawrences, of Herbert Edwardes, of

Hope Grant, and many others, into a harmonious whole, has been wanting in his case. It is a matter for congratulation that the close of 1897 has seen this reproach rolled away from British biographical history. In the book just brought out by Captain Trotter,<sup>1</sup> we receive for the first time an exhaustive and authoritative monograph on John Nicholson, and this from the pen of an author the least of whose qualifications for his task is the fact that he is himself related to his subject. Imbued with the household traditions which helped to make Nicholson what he was, and yet not too closely connected with him to view the events of his life with the impartiality which is often sadly to seek in books written for a family him to view the events of his life with well known already as an authority on Indian history, and has had personal experience of military service in the country itself. From these remarks on his fitness for the work he has undertaken we turn to the book itself, premising that, by the kindness of the venerable Dr. Pakenham Walsh, until lately Bishop of Ossory, there has been placed in our hands, for the purpose of this article, a certain amount of additional information derived from private sources, with which we propose occasionally to supplement that given by Captain Trotter.

John Nicholson was born at Lisburn on December 11, 1822 (as Captain Trotter, correcting a curious mistake of Sir John Kaye's, tells us), the son of parents who both sprang from that mingled Scoto-Irish race which has given to the British empire so many great soldiers and pioneers of civilization. His father was a Dublin physician of considerable reputation but small fortune, who was carried off at an early age by a fever contracted in the course of his professional duties. Of the seven children left behind, John, the eldest son, was only eight years old

at the time of his father's death, and in the development of his character owed far less to his influence than to that of his mother. Little as we are told of Mrs. Nicholson, all the evidence we possess goes to prove that hers was a very remarkable personality, of a type rare in her own day, and now, we fear, rarer still—what we may call the Puritan or Covenanting type. "A grand and noble woman, with a Spartan heroism about her," says Lady Edwardes.

Never [says Dr. Pakenham Walsh] can I forget the first occasion (it is now many years ago) on which I saw her in Sandford church. She was sitting in one of the front pews, and it needed only a glance to convince even a stranger that she was no ordinary woman. There was a stateliness and dignity in her mien, and a resolution and intelligence in her countenance, that marked her out as a queen amongst her sex, and when upon inquiry I found out who she was, I felt constrained involuntarily to exclaim, "The mother of heroes!"

Left a widow at the age of twenty-seven, with a large family to bring up and educate upon a small income, Mrs. Nicholson had need of all the resolution and mental power that she could command. For a short time after her husband's death she and her children lived with her own relations at Lisburn; but before long she removed to Delgany, County Wicklow, for the sake of greater educational advantages. Here her son John attended a private school, but this did not mean that his mother's share in his training was at an end. We learn that Mrs. Nicholson worked as a district visitor as long as she resided in the parish, and that it was her custom to reward her children by taking the one who had learnt his lessons best to visit with her the cottages of the poor, although the instruction given was not always on her side.

She told me [to quote again from Dr. Pakenham Walsh] that on one of these occasions, when John was with her, she passed a cottage without going into it.

<sup>1</sup> Life of John Nicholson, Soldier and Administrator. By Captain Lionel J. Trotter. Murray.

He immediately remarked it, and asked the reason. She replied, "They are such bad people that I do not go near them," and he gave her a reply which she never could forget, and which altered her line of conduct as a district visitor ever afterwards: "Oh, mother, God makes His sun to rise upon the evil and the good, and sends His rain upon the just and upon the unjust."

This unexpected reversal of the positions of teacher and taught is by no means the only anecdote extant of John's early years, but we quote it as being less generally known than those cited by Captain Trotter.

In his twelfth year the boy was sent to the Royal School of Dungannon, an educational establishment of the same type as that Foyle College which has become famous as the school of the Lawrence Brothers, Lord Gough and Sir Robert Montgomery. Captain Trotter quotes the testimony of General Lowry, a schoolfellow, as to young Nicholson's manliness, his firm but open, generous disposition, and his readiness for fighting. His cousin, Lady Tweedmouth, adds that she heard he "was always leader in games at the boys' school, and never was known to tell a lie." Of the opinion entertained of him by his headmaster, Doctor Darley, afterwards Bishop of Kilmore, Captain Trotter can only speak on hearsay, assured by a relative that the bishop "always spoke most enthusiastically of his former pupil;" but here Dr. Pakenham Walsh again supplies the want. Writing in the sixties, he says: "Archdeacon Darley, who was then master of the school, tells me that he was then a retiring boy, but brave and generous, the very soul of honor, and always ready to take the side of the oppressed;" while in a letter written by Doctor Darley to Mrs. Nicholson after her son's death we find the words:—

I often thought of writing to you about your noble and gallant son (my former pupil), but I felt unwilling to tear open your wounds afresh, and to add, perhaps, to your grief; but no one felt more grieved

than I did that he was not spared to reap the honor and reward of his noble conduct. Never did parent feel more proud of a distinguished son than I did of John Nicholson.

"At Dungannon," says Captain Trotter, "the boy remained to the close of his sixteenth year, working, idling, joining in every boyish game, and fighting every boy who tried to bully him, or whom he caught maltreating a smaller boy." That he did not differ materially from others of his age is shown by the fact that on one occasion he succeeded, like the late Bishop Hannington in his youth, and many other boys before and since, in blowing himself up with gunpowder. For ten days it was feared he would lose his eyesight, but after a period of painful suspense, borne without a murmur or a sign of impatience, the terrible dread was removed. On leaving school he passed at a bound into manhood, entering the army without any intermediate experience of college or university. Through the influence of his uncle, Mr. (afterwards Sir James) Weir Hogg, at the India House, he obtained, like his future friend, Herbert Edwardes, a "direct" cadetship in the company's army, a method of appointment which enabled him to dispense with the training provided at Addiscombe for the majority of cadets. In February, 1839, he sailed on board the *Camden* to join the Bengal Infantry, landing in India in July, at the mature age of sixteen. Attached for a time to a regiment quartered at Benares, he occupied a small bungalow alone, finding the isolation very trying, although it was, no doubt, of service in enabling him to acquire Hindustani in a shorter time than would otherwise have been the case. Captain Trotter gives some interesting extracts from his letters to his mother, which show him working hard at his profession and at the language, but by no means losing his interest in the affairs of his brothers and sisters at home. At the end of the year he was posted to the 27th Native Infantry, and



proceeded to join his regiment at the new station of Firozpur on the Punjab frontier. His journey was marked by a robbery, in which he lost most of his personal property, and also by a quarrel with a brother officer, which threatened to end in a duel—a consummation which was only averted with difficulty by the mediation of friends. The surroundings at his new abode were not of the most alluring. The cantonments had been placed for strategic purposes in the midst of a sandy, treeless plain, while the accommodation was so defective that Nicholson and a friend lived for some months in a stable. The principal amusement of the locality appears to have been tiger-hunting, and it may be to this period that the story relating to the neighborhood, and quoted by Mr. Wilberforce,<sup>1</sup> as having been told him in 1857 by Nicholson on the march from Amritsar to Delhi, should be referred. "He had killed a tiger on horseback with his sword. . . . The feat was performed by riding round and round the tiger at a gallop, gradually narrowing the circle until at last the horseman was near enough to deliver the blow. Of course he had only the one blow."

Whether we are correct or not in assigning to this period the performance of this extraordinary feat, the young sportsman had little time for the shooting he had promised himself in the cold weather, for his regiment was ordered to Afghanistan, there to assist in maintaining the luckless Shah Shuja on the unstable throne of his ancestors. After being moved about from place to place for some time, the 27th was stationed at Ghazni, where Nicholson first made the acquaintance of Neville Chamberlain, his staunch friend of later years. The two young men discussed together the unsatisfactory state of the kingdom, for to keen observers in the country districts it was clear that the apparent acquiescence of the people in the restoration of the old dynasty was not to be depended upon; but for some months

after Chamberlain had left Ghazni for Kandahar with his regiment the deceitful calm continued. Then the storm broke, precipitated by one of those apparently slight changes of policy which have so often worked dire mischief in our Eastern empire. It was suddenly announced that the subsidies promised to the Ghilzal clans for permitting the free passage of caravans through their country would no longer be paid by the Indian government, but by that of Shah Shuja—a step which was practically equivalent to their entire cessation—and the tribes rose promptly in revolt. Of the extraordinary series of colossal blunders which followed this initial mistake, and led to the ghastly tragedy of the retreat from Kabul, it is unnecessary to speak here, but the garrison of Ghazni were also the victims of misfortunes which might have been averted by a little foresight on the part of those at headquarters. The fort had not been repaired since its capture by the British, and supplies were conspicuous by their absence. After one or two false alarms, the Afghans surrounded the town in force, and gained entrance into it one night by means of a hole dug in the wall by their confederates among the citizens inside. The garrison retreated into the citadel, where they held out for nearly three months, until want of food and water forced them to capitulate. They marched out with the honors of war, on the understanding that they were to be sent in safety to Peshawar as soon as the passes were open. On the very next day, however, the houses in the town in which they were quartered were attacked by a mob of Ghazls. Nicholson, with a comrade named Crawford and two companies of Sepoys, held out for two days, until the house they were defending was rendered untenable by being set on fire. Even then they would not surrender, but, adopting the former device of their treacherous allies, dug a hole with their bayonets in the back wall, and dropping through it into the street, made their way to another house still occupied by

<sup>1</sup> An Unrecorded Chapter of the Mutiny. By R. G. Wilberforce. Murray.



their friends. The position here appeared hopeless, and after several days of misery, negotiations were opened for a surrender. In vain did Nicholson, who with his company had driven back the Afghans in three separate bayonet-charges, advocate fighting to the last. He was overruled by his superiors, and it is recorded that he wept with rage as he flung his useless sword at the feet of his captors. The prisoners suffered the grossest indignities, being confined for two months in one small room, and plundered of all that they possessed. The only piece of personal property preserved by any of the party was a small locket containing Mrs. Nicholson's hair. When her son was ordered to give it up, his fiery temper rose, and he threw the trinket at the head of the Afghan chief, which, as he confessed afterwards in writing home, was an act scarcely calculated to ameliorate the lot of the captives. The Sirdar, however, seemed pleased with the youth's spirit, and gave orders that the locket should not be taken from him.

The treatment of the prisoners at Ghazni varied from time to time according to the news that reached their guards of the movements of Pollock and his Avenging Army. As the British forced their way into the country, one indulgence after another was granted to Nicholson and his comrades, until at last they were all sent to Kabul, and allowed to join Lady Sale and the other survivors of the disastrous retreat. Among these was Captain (afterwards Sir George) Lawrence, who has left on record his description of the new arrivals as "lean and hungry-looking," as might well be the case. The determination of Mohammed Akbar to send off his prisoners into Turkestan, beyond hope of help; their attempts, which at first were in vain, to bribe their escort to revolt against him; and their final success and rescue by Sir Richmond Shakespeare, form part of an oft-told tale. Nicholson took part in the grim work which lay before the Avenging Army, and returned with it to India,

imbued with a hatred and disgust for the Afghan character which betrays itself frequently in his after-history. Nor was his tale of suffering to be endured at Afghan hands yet complete. In the Khailbar Pass he met his brother Alexander, who had just come out from England, and had been posted to one of Pollock's regiments. Three days later, under circumstances of peculiar horror, he came upon his dead body, lying where it had been cast by the robber tribes who had attacked the force.

The next few years of Nicholson's life passed quietly enough, first at Meerut and then at Moradabad. His poverty and his taciturn nature alike withheld him from joining in the gayeties of the station, and he seems to have felt his expatriation bitterly until, on becoming adjutant to his regiment, his circumstances improved, even to the extent of allowing him to remit money home regularly. His duties were incessant and onerous; but he resumed his studies whenever occasion offered, and when the first Sikh War broke out, had just passed his examination for the general staff. He was present as commissariat officer at the battles of Firozshah and Subraon, the result of which was to have much to do in moulding the course of his future life. At Kabul, in 1842, he had been introduced by his friend George Lawrence to his brother Henry, and whether in spite or in consequence of the Firozshah and Subraon, the result of two men had conceived a high esteem for one another. The intervening years had been spent by Henry Lawrence as Resident in Nipal, but after the crushing defeat of the Sikhs he was summoned by the governor-general to undertake the more honorable and delicate duties of Resident of Lahore. His friendship with Hardinge enabled him to suggest the names of the men whom he considered best suited to help him in his difficult task, and among them were those of Nicholson and of one of the governor-general's aides-de-camp, Lieutenant Herbert

Edwardes. The post destined for Nicholson was one which he accepted with misgiving, that of military adviser to Gulab Singh, the adventurer to whom we had thought fit to hand over the valley of Kashmir, and it proved fully as distasteful as he had expected. There was no real work to be done, the character of the Maharajah was such as to fill him with disgust, and the only Englishman within reach was his companion in misfortune, Captain Broome. He must almost have felt relief when a widespread insurrection against the new ruler brought Henry Lawrence in hot haste to Kashmir, at the head of an army of the lately conquered Sikhs—a hazardous experiment, which was justified by the result. With Lawrence came, among others, a young officer who was afterwards to be famous as Hodson of Hodson's Horse, and the lonely Nicholson found himself once more among friends. When they left him again his depression was proportionately severe, and he began to entertain fears as to his health—a nervousness which passed away immediately he was recalled from his exile and appointed assistant-Resident at Lahore, inasmuch that he writes to his mother that he had begun to wish for the solitude which had rendered him so miserable before. A busy, happy year followed, spent partly with Henry Lawrence at Lahore, and partly in his own district, the Sind-Sagar Doab, where it was his duty to support the local authorities, while protecting the people from oppression on their part, and to keep up an efficient army, without permitting the soldiers to terrorize the country. At the beginning of 1848 the peace of the Punjab appeared to be so thoroughly secured that Lawrence ventured to take his furlough in England; but before the end of April there had taken place the rising at Multan, which began with the murder of Anderson and Agnew, and brought about the second Sikh War. The promptness and daring of Herbert Edwardes were instrumental at first in confining the insur-

rection to a comparatively small area; but when it was seen that his successes were not to be followed up, the mischief spread quickly, and the Punjab was soon in a blaze. We must refer our readers to Captain Trotter for a detailed account of Nicholson's movements during this exciting period. Raising a body of Pathan horsemen as a counterpoise to the Sikhs, rising from a sick-bed and riding fifty miles at the head of a small body of troops to throw himself into the threatened fortress of Attock, parading and dismissing mutinous Sikh soldiery, playing a game of bluff with seven hundred peasants against a whole regiment with two guns, and winning it; attacking almost single-handed the Margalla tower, and escaping uninjured, owing to the awe of the defenders; devising a scheme for the rescue of George Lawrence, who with his usual ill-fortune was again a prisoner, and this time with the added pang of knowing that his wife and children were also in the hands of the enemy—he seems not only to have borne a charmed life, but to have been ubiquitous. When the terrible battles of Chillianwala and Gujarat were fought, he was occupied, with Henry Lawrence, who had returned from his leave, in carrying the commander-in-chief's orders to his subordinates; and when the actual fighting was over, he combined the duties of commissariat-officer and, unofficially, those of provost-marshal.

After this time of storm and stress, when the Punjab had been definitely annexed to British India, Henry Lawrence and his lieutenants laid aside their swords (except when these were needed for the enforcement of justice), and returned to their former posts to continue the work which had been so disastrously interrupted. Their duties were manifold, comprising, as Kaye remarks, those of judges, revenue collectors, thief-catchers, diplomats, conservancy officers, and sometimes of recruiting-sergeants and chaplains. Nicholson, whose growing fame is at-

tested by the fact that he was regarded as the leader of the late campaign, and that, as his friend Abbott tells us, anything great or gallant achieved by our arms was ascribed to him, was welcomed back to his district, where the awe in which he was held was shortly to pass into a different phase, and one much more irritating than pleasing to its object. The story of the sect of Sikhs who discovered in their ruler a new incarnation of the divine has long been known; but fresh light is thrown in Captain Trotter's pages upon the relentless impracticability of the idol and the obstinate devotion of his worshippers. Punishment served only to increase their ardor, and when they were pardoned on condition of transferring their allegiance to Nicholson's successor Becher, the only use they made of their release was to remove to a distance at which they could adore their original divinity in safety.

Nicholson had now spent ten years in India, and the longing for home was growing strong upon him. As an officer of the Company's army he could claim his furlough; but his political appointment it was necessary to resign before he might leave India. Possessing in the friendship of Henry Lawrence a guarantee of future employment, he did not hesitate to take this step, and in December, 1849, he left Lahore with Herbert Edwardes, who was also returning home, and had undertaken the care of John Lawrence's two little girls during the voyage. In the long boat-journey down the Indus, and the voyage from Bombay to Kosselr, the good comradeship which had hitherto prevailed between the two men developed into a devotion like that of David and Jonathan, which was never to be interrupted as long as both lived. They parted company at Cairo, Edwardes proceeding to England direct with his charges, while Nicholson took the opportunity of visiting Constantinople and Athens on his way. When he reached Constantinople, Sir Stratford Canning was at the height of his

reputation, having just emerged triumphant from the crisis described a few months ago in these pages,<sup>1</sup> in which he had inspired Turkey to defy Austria and Russia in the matter of the Hungarian exiles. It is disappointing that no record remains of the intercourse between these two illustrious men. Perhaps some future Walter Savage Landor will give us hereafter an "imaginary conversation" between them; and if so, we would suggest that he should choose the moment at which the Great Elchi became aware that the Indian officer was concerned in a plot to release Kossuth from the honorable imprisonment in which he was held by the Turkish authorities, and put him on board an American frigate. The plan was discovered, owing, as Captain Trotter ungallantly points out, to the incapacity for keeping a secret of one of the ladies taking part in it, and Nicholson was obliged to leave Constantinople without accomplishing the prisoner's release, only, however, to engage immediately in a still more romantic and chivalrous enterprise. The story of his conveying a letter, concealed in his boot, from the exiled English husband to the Hungarian wife in an Austrian dungeon, is a romance in itself; and our only regret lies in the fact that the messenger did not, as one of Mr. Henty's heroes would have done, forthwith devise and carry out a scheme for getting the lady out of prison and restoring her to her friends. Not being a hero of romance, however, but a soldier who could appreciate the impossibility of such a task, Nicholson was satisfied with delivering the messages he had risked so much to convey, and then continued his journey homewards, arriving in London, where his mother was now staying, in April, 1850. Declining the invitation of Lord Gough to visit Dublin with him, and enjoy a share in the ovation which awaited the old hero, he yet found opportunity to look in on the friends of his youth in various

<sup>1</sup> See "Early Victorian Travelling" in "Maga" or August, 97.

parts of Ireland, even while he was devoting all his spare time to military matters, studying in particular the armament and organization of the different Continental armies. The opinions he formed of the excellence of the Russian troops, and of the merits of the Prussian needle-gun, are specially interesting in view of subsequent events.

During his stay in England, Nicholson acted as "best man" at the wedding of his friend Edwardes, who sailed for India with his bride some time before he did, and who, in the farewell letter written at Southampton, from which we have already quoted, advised his friend earnestly to follow his example in marrying, urging that although marriage might be officially considered a drawback to a man in the public service, yet its compensations far more than outweighed this disadvantage. The same advice had been given to Nicholson by Henry Lawrence before leaving India, but he showed no disposition to follow it. His reasons for not doing so are preserved in a letter written by his mother to Dr. Pakenham Walsh:—

I often wanted him [she says] to marry when he was at home, but his answer was so characteristic that I give it to you word for word, for I remember it well: "After what I have seen the Lawrences suffer, I would not take a wife across the Indus, and I do not think a good wife ought to be left behind. If I married, I must ask government to change my appointment, and I know the Punjab so thoroughly that I do not think I could serve my country as well in any other part of India."

"Noble, generous, tender, self-denying words!" is the bishop's comment; "and so John Nicholson, with a heart that would have made the best of women happy, was content to remain unmarried for his country's good." There is truth in this, of course, but, as it appears to us, not all the truth. Other men have written like words, and have retracted them in the light of later events. Unlike John Lawrence, Nicholson seems never to have met the

woman he "could not do without." The suggestion thrown out by Mrs. Steel, in her novel "On the Face of the Waters," that he might have experienced a disappointment in love, appears to be entirely unsupported by facts. His brother Charles tells us that he had often heard him say that next to his mother he liked and respected his aunt, Lady Hogg, better than any woman in the world. "Perhaps," says Captain Trotter, "he loved his profession better than any woman he had yet seen; or perhaps his heart, for all its tenderness, was less inflammable than his temper." It is possible, also, that he doubted whether any woman was capable of being a helpmeet for him; and we may readily concede that his wife would have needed a combination of moral and mental qualities only second to those of the woman who captured and succeeded in holding the vagrant heart of Richard Burton.

Be this as it may, Nicholson returned to India unmarried, and in 1852 found himself appointed by Henry Lawrence to a post after his own heart, that of deputy commissioner of Bannu. This frontier district, which had been first reduced to submission by Edwardes in 1847, bore an unenviable reputation for the character of its inhabitants, and was further cursed by the raids of the tribes lying beyond the border. Nicholson not only brought the raiders to their knees by following them up in their mountain fastnesses, and then establishing a blockade of their country, but he also succeeded in introducing law and order among his own turbulent subjects. "I only knocked down the walls of the Bannu forts," says Edwardes; "John Nicholson has since reduced the *people* (the most ignorant, depraved and blood-thirsty in the Punjab) to such a state of good order and respect for the laws that, in the last year of his charge, not only was there no murder, burglary or highway robbery, but not an *attempt* at any of those crimes." "A happy state of things which has never occurred since," adds

one of Nicholson's successors. The three chapters in which Captain Trotter deals with his hero's life in Bannu are so full of interest and incident that it would be impossible to summarize them. The reader who turns to them will make acquaintance with what we venture to think will be to most people some new types of human character. There is the little Waziri boy, who knew that it was wrong to kill people with a knife or sword, "because the blood left marks;" and Alladad Khan, the wicked uncle, whose ill-gotten gains were wrested from him by a stratagem which suggests the "Arabian Nights;" the border chief, who was taught politeness by a stern but most efficient teacher; and the mullah, who paid for a moment of delightful insolence by the loss of his treasured beard. Nothing was too small for Nicholson's notice, too unimportant or too distant to be set right at once. His horse's hoofs rang from Attock to the Khaibar, said the people, and even at the present day it is whispered that these hoofs may still be heard, as the Warden of the Marches rides nightly along the border which he guarded so well in life.

Scarcely had Nicholson settled down to his work in Bannu, when an event occurred which threatened to deprive the Punjab altogether of his services. The long-standing difference of opinion between Henry and John Lawrence came to such a head that each brother wrote to Lord Dalhousie resigning his post on the Board of Administration, when the governor-general promptly accepted the resignation of Sir Henry, and appointed him agent in Rajputana, leaving John master of the field. At this distance of time Dalhousie's action appears to have been the only possible one, if the efficiency of the Administration was to be considered; but at that day Sir Henry's supersession seemed to his friends and pupils an unparalleled piece of tyranny. From their point of view—we might almost say from any point of view—it cannot be

denied that he was hardly treated, although the beneficial effect of the change may be held to have outweighed the cost of any private sufferings. It seems to us that Captain Trotter scarcely appreciates the full bitterness of the situation as it appeared to men like Nicholson and Edwardes. Sir Henry had always been their master—so far above them that they hardly dreamed of criticising his decisions, and so gentle in his reproofs that these did not disturb the good feeling existing between himself and his subordinates. John Lawrence might almost be said to have begun his public life as one of those subordinates; and the rest felt that one of themselves was to be set up over them, while his brusque manners and occasional severities of language did not tend to make him beloved. The pains he took to conciliate his brother's pupils had their effect, for the real worth of the man could not be hidden; but there was always a rankling sense of injustice, as may be seen in that most pathetic letter written by Edwardes to Nicholson on Sir Henry's death. This feeling Captain Trotter seems to regard as altogether unreasonable, staunch champion of John Lawrence that he is—even going so far as to treat very tenderly the extraordinary aberration of judgment (we can give it no other name) which led the chief commissioner to propose the evacuation of all the territory beyond the Indus in 1857. That this was not an isolated blunder (except as regards the moment of making the suggestion), but in accordance with the general views of its proposer, we do not deny; yet it is quite possible, as another celebrated instance has taught us, to love and honor John Lawrence whilst hating his backward policy. We can scarcely expect this view of things from Captain Trotter, however; and it is with pleasure we observe that in the matter of the treaties with Afghanistan of 1855 and 1857 he allows that the policy of Edwardes, in which Nicholson, after many warnings against the faithless-



ness of the Afghan character, was brought to acquiesce, was sounder than that of Lawrence. These treaties, from the conclusion of which Nicholson almost ostentatiously dissociated himself, and which it needed not only pressure from Edwardes, but a mandate from Calcutta, to induce the stout commissioner to sign, were destined to prove, humanly speaking, the salvation of our rule in the Punjab, if not in India.

The conviction that he could not work comfortably with John Lawrence, which had made Nicholson entreat to be allowed to follow his former master, even to a less important post, seems never to have slumbered while the two men were in official contact. That it was one of those unfortunate cases in which a preconceived idea tends to bring about its own fulfilment, few will doubt who read the letters of both. The tact and forbearance developed by the chief commissioner in dealing with his wayward subordinate ought to have had a conciliatory effect even on the man who, in a letter quoted by Captain Trotter, protests, with all the innocent unconsciousness of Sir Anthony Absolute, against the hint that his disposition is not altogether a peaceable one. But Nicholson continued to chafe against the authority of the man whose will was as strong as his own, though his mind was less restless, and as late as March, 1857, was fully determined to leave the Punjab if an appointment could be found for him elsewhere. Most happily, as it proved, no such opening offered itself, although Edwardes pleaded his comrade's cause with Lord Canning in generous words which were remembered afterwards by both, and the friends met again early in May at Peshawar, where Nicholson had been acting as deputy commissioner while Edwardes took a short leave. "Nicholson's society in the house is a great comfort to me," writes Edwardes to his wife, who had just sailed for England; but he was not to enjoy the solace long. Less than a week after his return came the two tele-

grams from Meerut, followed by the fragmentary one from Delhi, which told that the mutiny had broken out. Old animosities and fancied slights were forgotten, and Nicholson found himself co-operating heartily, not only with Neville Chamberlain, with whom he had lately been reconciled after a painful estrangement, but with John Lawrence himself.

The hour had come, and the men were ready to meet it. The formation of a movable column for prompt service in any part of the Punjab, the raising of a body of horse from the Derajat, the dispersal and isolation of a regiment of disaffected sepoys, and the choice of a place of safety to which the Europeans of the neighborhood might retreat in case of alarm, were among the earliest matters to be taken in hand. At first it seemed as though the danger had been warded off from the Peshawar district, and that the British troops there would have little to do; but signs of disaffection at Mardan, the arrest of a *fakir* on his way to stir up the native regiments to mutiny, the appearance of a bad feeling among the population of the valley, and an outbreak at Naushera, followed one another in quick succession, and Edwardes and Nicholson determined upon disarming their sepoys. The work was carried out with the utmost speed and success, in spite of the violent and almost tearful opposition of the officers of the disgraced regiments, and its effect was immediately seen in the effusive return to loyalty of the surrounding chiefs. But there was no rest for Nicholson. A night march with a small column under Colonel Chute brought him to Mardan, whence the mutineers, with their associates from Naushera, had betaken themselves towards Swat. The guns and infantry of the column were unable to join in the pursuit over the rough ground, and the irregular cavalry were only half-hearted; but Nicholson, with his handful of police and the Multani Horse, "hurled himself like a thunderbolt on the route of a



thousand mutineers." The fugitives fought stubbornly when overtaken, but could not stand against their pursuer. Many were killed; many more captured; others were given up by the country-people; while those who succeeded in escaping for the time met an even more dreadful fate—which forms the basis of that legend of the Phantom Regiment of which we have heard from Mr. Kipling.

More work of a like kind followed, varied by an epistolary contest with John Lawrence on the question of handling over Peshawar to the Afghans, to which we have already alluded. Nicholson and Edwardes were determined not to yield their point; and knowing the character of both men, we can scarcely doubt that had Lawrence persisted in ordering the evacuation of the Trans-Indus districts, British history would have exhibited one more example of "splendid disobedience," which might have saved Peshawar, but the consequences of which might not improbably have lost us India. Happily, Lord Canning stood by the two frontier officials; but it was not until nearly two months after Nicholson had left Peshawar on June 14, on his way to Delhi, that Edwardes's position was assured. It was night when the friends parted, the one to take his share in one of the greatest exploits of history, the other to continue his arduous and almost unnoticed, but scarcely less important, work on the border. "So there goes dear, fine Nicholson," wrote Edwardes to his wife, from his lonely quarters—"a great loss to me, indeed! but a still greater gain to the State at Delhi, or at the head of a movable column at this crisis. . . . A nobler spirit never went forth to fight his country's battles."

It was on June 22, after a hurried journey and an interview at Rawal Pindi with John Lawrence, that the captain of native infantry, now become brigadier-general, took over the command of the movable column from Chamberlain at Jalandhar. A descrip-

tion of Nicholson's personal appearance at this crisis of his life may here be quoted from the Reminiscences of Mr. Wilberforce, who saw him now for the first time. "He was of a commanding presence, some six feet two inches in height, with a long black beard, dark grey eyes with black pupils (under excitement of any sort those pupils would dilate like a tiger's), a colorless face, over which no smile ever passed, laconic of speech." The peculiar character of his eyes is noticed by other observers. Captain Trotter mentions an occasion on which a little girl, the child of one of his friends, on finding him looking fixedly at her, burst into tears from sheer terror, and could scarcely be comforted even by the remorseful kindness of the object of her alarm. Many have remarked the apparent haughtiness of his manner. "He always held his head high in the air," says Chamberlain, "and carried it as if he could not see the ground before him." Lady Edwardes speaks of "that grand lifting of the head" which he inherited from his mother, and which characterized also his brother Charles, but which was considered in the old days in Gough's camp, as we learn from Captain Trotter, to be the mark of a "stuck-up political." In the darker times of the mutiny, however, when his "imperial air," which had earned him the name of "the Autocrat of all the Russias," attracted the attention of the defenders of the Ridge, among whom he went as a stranger, the gesture seems to have been welcomed as a sign of innate power. His reputation had preceded him, as well among his fellow-countrymen as among the natives; and if the stories told of his personal strength, his penetration and his ruthless inflexibility, on the march to Delhi, are true, it must have increased every day. In the matter of impulsive action and independent utterance he was the same as ever, vexing John Lawrence's heart by going his own way in defiance of orders. His business was to take Delhi, and nothing

must come between. This is shown very clearly in a letter quoted by Mr. Wilberforce, urging the chief commissioner to despatch to Delhi the European regiment which was guarding the refugees from the plains at the hill-station of Marri: "When an empire is at stake, women and children cease to be of any consideration whatever." The harshness of the words almost makes one doubt the correctness of the quotation; but if it is given in its actual form, it is impossible to withhold the comment that, while the dictum is worthy of an ancient Roman or a modern empire-builder, it does not come gracefully from an unmarried man, whose nearest and dearest were safe at home in Ireland, to one whose wife and children would be among those left exposed to the utmost peril by the proposed measure.

The history of the movable column is so full of incidents illustrating the determination and superhuman energy of its leader that it is unnecessary to resort to legend for the purpose of displaying these qualities. Strange as it may seem, the column itself was not free from the taint of disaffection. Two of the sepoy regiments which had been chosen to form part of it were only waiting their opportunity to throw off the mask, but Nicholson was too well skilled in reading the minds of men to be under any delusion as to their loyalty. Without confiding his suspicions to any but his own staff, he prepared to anticipate the threatened blow. The order of his march was so arranged that the suspected regiments were preceded by the artillery and European troops, and these were posted in ambush by Nicholson, who had ridden ahead to choose his ground. The first of the disloyal regiments, on turning the corner of a serai, found itself faced by the English portion of the force, supported by twelve guns, while the only way of escape, that across the river, was guarded by police, with instructions to destroy the bridge, and thus cut off the retreat, if there should be

any fighting. Completely taken by surprise, the traitors were easily disarmed, and their comrades, who had been purposely allowed to lag some distance behind them, followed them unsuspectingly into the trap.

Scarcely had the column returned to Amritsar when the news arrived of an outbreak at the station of Sialkot, in which the mutineers had taken advantage of the unshaken confidence reposed in them by their officers to murder every European that came in their way. Pausing only to disarm his own native cavalry, who belonged to one of the Sialkot regiments, Nicholson gave orders immediately for a forced march to Gurdaspur, a station which was as yet untouched by disaffection, but which he judged the mutineers would make their first goal, in the hope alike of further bloodshed, plunder and reinforcements. The distance to be covered was forty-one miles, and this at the hottest season of the year. In order to husband as far as possible the strength of the European troops, Nicholson made use not only of the horses taken from the disarmed cavalry, but also of all the bullock-wagons and pony-carts that could be collected. Starting at nine o'clock at night, the troops journeyed until eight the next morning, and, after a rest of two hours, pushed on again. It had been found impossible to provide carriage for the whole of the force, but the men took it in turns to walk, and vied with one another in making light of their hardships. The history of that terrible march, enlivened as it was by songs and chaff, and interrupted ever and anon by a man's dropping out of the ranks fainting or overcome by the sun, has been variously told by several who took part in it, but one incident seems to have impressed all the narrators. At noon a halt was called, and the troops were allowed to snatch an hour's rest in the shade of a grove, but their leader had no share in it. In the middle of the hot, dusty road, in the full glare of the sun, he sat bolt upright on his horse, waiting impa-

tiently for his men. The march was continued, and Gurdaspur was saved, but there was stern work yet to be done. Nicholson possessed the faculty of never forgetting a face, and the next day he recognized among the traders in the camp two men in disguise as belonging to one of the regiments which had mutinied at Sialkot. They were immediately seized, and thus prevented from warning their confederates of the nearness of the column. The next morning Nicholson marched his troops against the mutineers, who were posted about a mile from the Ravi, which they had crossed at the Trimmu Ghat. In the action which followed, his small force drove the Sialkot contingent from the field to take refuge upon an island, from which it was again hunted two days afterwards, to be practically annihilated by the troops and the police. A week later the column set out for Delhi.

On August 7th Nicholson arrived in advance of his force at the camp before Delhi, where affairs seemed to be at their very worst, his own successes on the way forming almost the only bright spot in the darkness. On the Ridge he found a force ludicrously disproportioned to the work it had to do, with its ranks daily thinned by wounds and sickness, and hampered with a commander who was by turns irresolute and vacillating when decision was required, and obstinate only when he should have given way. The denunciation of General Wilson contained in Colonel Vibart's recently published life of Baird-Smith<sup>1</sup> appears somewhat in the light of a slaying of the slain. In spite, perhaps we should say in consequence, of a late unfortunate attempt to relieve Wilson's memory at the expense of others, it has long been abundantly clear that, good soldier as he may have been in times of peace, he was not the man for an emergency, in which an incompetent leader may do more harm than the ablest subordinates in the

world can set right. The arrival of Nicholson brought back hope to the sorely pressed besiegers, who were too often besieged themselves. Very soon it was rumored that a stranger of striking appearance, whose attire gave no clue to his military rank, was visiting all the pickets, and asking many searching questions as to their strength and history. Of him, as of Henry V. on the eve of Agincourt, it might be said that

Every wretch, pining and pale before,  
Beholding him, plucked comfort from his looks;

and it quickly became known who he was. "Nicholson has come," wrote Hodson. "The camp is all alive at the notion of something decisive taking place soon."

It was not long before the Punjab force gave the enemy a first taste of its quality. On the road from Firozpur was the British siege-train, slow-moving, cumbrous and insufficiently escorted, on which everything depended for the capture of the city. The mutineers displayed for once some military capacity when they despatched a force to intercept it at Najafgarh, and it was a wise choice that sent Nicholson to baffle their design. The country to be traversed was of the worst description, the extraordinary rains of the year having converted dry ground into swamp, and swamps into lakes; but the despairing artillerymen, with the water washing over their horses' backs, "looked ahead and saw Nicholson's great form riding steadily on as if nothing was the matter," and persevered in their task. When Najafgarh was reached, the enemy were found posted on the opposite bank of a marsh, with thirteen guns in position. Nicholson brought his troops across the ford, and, after a short artillery duel, led them straight at the enemy's strongest point, captured it with a rush, then swept down the line from end to end, securing all the guns, and driving the mutineers in headlong retreat across the canal. No further at-

<sup>1</sup> Richard Baird-Smith. By Colonel H. M. Vibart. Constable.

tempt was made to interfere with the siege-train, which reached the camp on the Ridge in safety about a week later.

Two days after the arrival of the siege-train, the first of Baird-Smith's light batteries, designed for the protection of the workers engaged in the subsequent operations, was completed, and after that, battery after battery was constructed, and poured in its iron hail upon the doomed city. Marvellous as was the celerity with which the work was carried out, it was all too slow for Nicholson. In his letters to John Lawrence he fumes and chafes against the slowness of the engineers and the indecision of Wilson, and we learn from Lord Roberts that he came gradually to the fierce determination to propose the general's supersession should he throw any further obstacles in the way of an assault. The propriety of such a step has been much debated; but so much harm was done in the course of the mutiny by a slavish adherence to the principles of authority and seniority, that it is well there was one man to be found at this critical moment who cared as little for military etiquette, if its dictates conflicted with those of common-sense, as for the future of his own career. At the famous council of war on September 13th, however, Wilson yielded at discretion, and plans were drawn up and preparations made for the assault the next day, Nicholson spending the evening in explaining to his officers the parts they were to play.

The story of the 14th of September has been told by many writers, in prose and verse, in history and fiction, and we do not intend to add to the number. The formation of the storming columns in the darkness of the early morning, the short interval of artillery firing while the guns cleared the breaches which the enemy had repaired in the night, the rush for the walls, the blowing in of the Kashmir Gate, the flight of the defenders, the pursuit and the check in the Chandni Chauk, the fatal but unavoidable pause at the entrance of the lane leading to the Burn Bastion

—all these things are described in many books besides that with which we are chiefly concerned. Known also is the pitiful case of the exhausted men, whom even their great leader could not induce to follow him farther, and his vain attempt to shame them into an advance by charging almost alone up the lane of death, forgetting, through his own greatness of mind, that when the spirit of the average man has been strained to an unwontedly high pitch, it is apt to fall even below its usual level in the moment of reaction. Judging others by himself, he expected too much of his men, and they failed him. As he returned to incite them on, a bullet from the Burn Bastion struck him in the back, and he fell. Borne back to the Kabul Gate (by his native orderlies, says Lady Edwardes, for he refused to be touched by the Europeans who would not follow him), he was conveyed towards the field-hospital, but on the way his bearers forsook him in the hope of plunder, and Lieutenant Roberts, passing by on an errand from Wilson, found him deserted by the roadside. Struck with horror, the young staff-officer got together four men, and despatched them, under the charge of a sergeant, to the hospital with the wounded leader, next to whom on his arrival was laid his brother Charles, his arm just amputated at the shoulder. For nine days John Nicholson lingered, keeping himself informed of the progress of the siege, dictating letters to friends at a distance, and bursting forth with a flash of his old spirit when he heard that Wilson still talked of retiring. "Thank God! I have strength yet to shoot him if necessary." The capture of the city was not complete until the 21st, and two days later the man who had been foremost in that capture passed away. On the following morning he was buried opposite the breach which had witnessed the crowning feat of his life. His comrades and superiors vied with each in expressing their admiration of his character and their grief for his loss. His friend Edwardes

has recorded his estimate of him on imperishable marble; but perhaps the strongest testimony of his worth is to be found in the words of John Lawrence a year after: "So long as British rule shall endure in India, his fame can never perish. He seems especially to have been raised up for this juncture. . . . Without John Nicholson Delhi could not have fallen."

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From *The Pall Mall Magazine*.  
WHORTLEBERRY LAND.

Tracts of wild land, once little frequented, have become known more or less to the general public since so many lines of various railway companies have been made through and over them. Vast stretches, however, still exist, at a distance from the main roads, which have not yet been overrun by the public, where the so-called network of paths are mere tracks leading over the hills and through the hollows; closed in by long lines of hazel bushes which are bowed down with the weight of their clusters of nuts. Here you may wander for days; the few people that you see will be natives of the district, engaged in their various occupations, fern-cutting, stone-digging, or cutting down the fir trees which have been killed by the fires which have devastated miles of some of the finest woodland scenery in England. Not that this can be seen from any main road—the wreck of it all, I mean—for the firs are so thick, extending in one direction right away for six miles, that the fire has only driven its way in a sort of path through them.

Whorts, or "hurts" as they are more generally called in Surrey, are scarce just now, for the whortleberry bushes have been killed for miles in one district from which I have just returned. The fire burned night and day for a whole fortnight, and in some instances for three weeks, in spite of all that was done to stop its work of devastation. The loss of wild life must have been very great, for with the exception of

four jays and a small heath-lizard one saw nothing for four miles. Black tree-trunks and burnt ground get a wide berth given them by all creatures. A fern-cutter told me that he had never known it burn so deep down before: in one narrow hollow the fir needles and the peat were burning far below the roots of the trees.

Some of the larger tracts, which even in summer are moist, show the marks of cart-wheels very plainly; and these, if followed up, will lead into sheltered hollows where you will find either a farm or one of the old-time cottages. One out of three of these cart-wheel tracks, which I followed to the end, led me to a farm where everything seemed sleeping. The house itself was old and solidly built, having fine old-fashioned stacks of chimneys; and it was surrounded by a high brick wall that looked equally aged and weather-beaten, through which a wide doorway led into the farmyard, where the thatch on some of the sheds was rotting, and large holes showed. All was silent; not a dog barked, not a rooster crowed defiance, and the place looked a picture of desolate and neglected old age. A plum tree trained against the wall was smothered in ivy, but one branch had managed to push itself forward from the dark green mass, and there it hung, the only fruit-bearing one on the tree, weighed down by the large plums. Hard by was the orchard, or rather what had once been one; no sign of fruit was on any of the trees, some of which had sunk down in the grass, still alive but slowly dying, while others were quite dead and completely covered with moss. Not a goose or a duck was to be seen about the horse-pond, which a trickling rill filled with water from the upland moor; not even a solitary pigeon was on the roof of the house; no sound was in the air but the trickling of the water over the stones. Nevertheless the house was still inhabited; I knew that when I saw one of the window curtains pulled a little on one side, as if a strange face was not often seen, and it had aroused some curiosity.

At one time such dwellings were oc-



cupied by their owners, and they were then kept in good order; but no one would willingly live in them under the present system of farming, and from what information I have been able to glean, some of these out-of-the-world houses are only tenanted by those who work on the large upland fields surrounding them.

An artist, if he only knew where to find these picturesque old buildings, would look upon them as perfect treasures; but they are not easily to be got at, and if the weather becomes rough, it is very difficult to get away from them—indeed, there are times when the tracks leading to them are impassable. When the snow falls and the wind drifts, few would care to venture into this region of sleepy hollows; and even in summer things are not invariably pleasant.

The people living in the "hurt"-woods are not communicative; the facilities for intercourse with the outer world are still limited; and, even were it otherwise, it would take time to develop a love of polite conversation in a race that has for generations past been taught from childhood to see everything but to say nothing. In so primitive a district, the ties of kinship count for a great deal, memories are very tenacious, and grievances, some of them really groundless, have been religiously handed down for generations. I have often heard some of the country folks say: "I doan't 'zactly know 'bout it, but there was a summut warn't jist right in some part o' our fambly 'lations. I've heerd my old granny talk on it, and she knowed about summat." And on the strength of such hearsay evidence ill-will is carefully fostered, although no one knows the circumstances over which the grudge arose a couple of generations ago. The wisest plan to adopt is to say absolutely nothing for or against either side; as relationships run wide here, and you may be reminded of your own words from some very unexpected quarter. Some of the old farms and large farm-cottages have sufficient histories and legends connected with them to make a fair-sized volume.

Every one of these has been handed down from father to son, and when compared with well-authenticated records, they coincide perfectly.

Signs are still looked for, and omens still believed in, by the dwellers in this lonely land; and not without some reason; in fact, they draw their inferences in each case direct from nature. Whortleberry Land is frequented by various classes, and these are quite distinct from the woodlanders proper. "Class" exists, and is recognized, even under the shadow of the pines. Strange tales are told of horses which have been stabled in these lonely farmyards—tales that I firmly believe, because I know a little about such matters. Horses are contradictory creatures, being both courageous and timid; and even cart-horses have their aversions, as well as those that are better bred. A fox or hare that has crept into a stable will, if frightened and not able to get out by the way that it came in, dash about in the most surprising manner. In one stable a half-wild cat had crept in just before the horses were littered down for the night, and had crouched down on a beam, where it remained unseen by any of the carters or their lads. What caused the cat to get frightened no one knew; but the carter in the middle of the night heard a tremendous noise, as if the stable were coming down. Lighting his lantern, he got up and went across to see what could be the matter. Two of the horses were snorting and blowing, and the others trembling and all in a sweat. As he lifted up his light to take a look round, something shot by his head and out of the door. Although I actually collected the flick or fur that had come from the cat, as it banged itself about in terror, and showed it to him, it was a long time before the worthy man could be persuaded that the row in the stable had not been caused by some supernatural agency. The old smuggling days also gave rise to many a tradition that still obtains.

It is where the firs have been thinned out to allow the remainder to make timber trees that the "hurt"-plants flourish in luxuriance over miles of country; and

in the season all, no matter what class they belong to, are busy picking the whortleberries, both for sale and for their own consumption. But now, unfortunately, that small industry will be stopped for a season or two, until the "hurt"-woods can recover their growth.

Beautiful although this country is, the intense quiet which reigns supreme will impress the mind of a visitor even more than its loveliness. No vulgar strife of noise clashes with intruding discords to break its serene repose; the pealing thunder rolls, the rush of the swelling winds, or the song of birds—Nature's voices, which awake no jarring string—are the only sounds that fall on your ear; and if the cares of life fret you—as fret they sometimes will—you can forget them in the perfect rest and quiet of the hollows, and the calm which broods like a spell over fir-crowned hills within an hour of London Town.

A SON OF THE MARSHES.

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From *The Cornhill Magazine*.  
THE FRIENDLY FOE.

"Not for a moment," said the Count, with great dignity, "did I suppose so."  
I thanked him.

He pressed my hand.

There followed one of those awkward pauses which are apt to follow on a supreme moment. He had just informed me that he did not for an instant suppose that I preferred any consideration before honor. The wind was driving the rain against my window as if it were a human being that must be chased from the wide world without. The flames were leaping up the chimney, as if they owned some kinship with the wind and were rushing to meet him. I wanted to be alone, to enjoy the uproar in peace. How to get rid of the Count I did not know. Why the Count insisted on staying I did not know. As he was going to shoot me, or I was going to shoot him, at eight o'clock the next morning, it seemed to me that this

was waste of time; but you cannot make a remark of that kind to a guest, and he happened to be in my room.

"Let me ask you one thing!" said the Count. "You are a generous enemy. Though not in your first youth, you are younger than I am, and you have not been out before. I would not take you at a disadvantage. Do you believe in the soul's future?"

"A most unnecessary question," I said lightly. "In a few hours one of us will have answered it for good and all."

He frowned.

"You do not believe in it. I am reduced to a most unpleasant extremity. Unless you can reassure me upon this point, it is impossible for me to fight you. Unless I fight you, I am dishonored."

"Why should it be impossible?" I asked. But that the Count was by birth and breeding a perfect gentleman, I might have suspected his courage.

"It gives me an unfair advantage," he said, gazing steadily at me out of his deep-set eyes. "You fight, believing death is death. I fight, believing death is birth. I know something of your chivalrous nature. If I kill you, I, in my own opinion, set free a soul. If you kill me, you, in your own opinion, commit murder. I would not have you tortured in after life by this reflection. Once more I tell you, it is impossible for me to fight, unless you give me some assurance. Once more I ask you, Do you believe in eternal life?"

"I am fully sensible of your kind consideration for my feelings, but permit me to observe that I do not see what right you have to ask that question."

"You decline to answer it?"

"I do."

"Then our affair is settled. I also decline to fight."

He bowed, and walked towards the door.

"Stay!" I cried. "What are you going to do?"

He laid his hand upon a pistol.

"No," I said. "Why?"

"You leave me no other choice."

It was absurd of me to object to his

shooting himself when I had no objection whatever to shooting him with my own hand if I could. But it was just this one phrase if I could that made a difference. The alternative was too cold-blooded; I felt bound to prevent it.

"Could it not be arranged—?" I spoke nervously, only to gain time, in the confusion of the moment.

"You are not the man I took you for," he said.

This time he did not bow as he turned towards the door.

"You do not seem to be aware," I remarked, "that you are exposing me to a sense of blood-guiltiness far more onerous than that which you deprecate. If I am to be a murderer, at least allow me to feel that I did the deed myself, not that I compelled some one else to do it. Do you think that you are treating me fairly? You put a premium upon lies. You leave no other course open to me. By all that is held most sacred, I swear to you that I believe in eternal life."

And rising, I laid my hand upon my heart.

"Sir," said the Count sternly, "would you die with a falsehood on your lip? You do not believe it."

"No," I said, "I do not. I merely wished to show you to what extremes you are driving me. But you are right. Between gentlemen this sort of thing is a mistake, even in jest. You do not leave this room till you have promised to fight me to-morrow!" and I threw myself across the door. I was the younger and the stronger man.

With perfect gravity, the Count sat down in an armchair. The wind was howling more loudly than before; the flames had sunk lower.

I became conscious of the absurdity of the situation. Nothing short of flood, fire or earthquake could put an end to it in a fitting manner. There we were bound to stay till we died of starvation unless one or the other would compromise his dignity. As the little I knew of the Count made me feel certain that nothing would ever induce

him to compromise his, I compromised mine.

"Count," I said, "this is a ridiculous position for both of us. My presence causes you an intolerable *gêne*, and yours, the whole night through, would scarcely be agreeable to me. Let us consider the thing dispassionately. You will not fight me because I do not hold an opinion which you, rightly or wrongly, hold to be necessary for my future happiness, if I live; i.e., you do not object to kill me, because you think no one can die, but you do object to poison the remainder of my mortal existence. If you do not fight me, you will shoot yourself, for you would be unable to survive your honor. That is the case on your side. Now for mine. I have an instinctive dislike of suicide, either for myself or for any one else whom I respect. It may be a mere prejudice, but so it is. If, therefore, you blow out your brains, it will seriously affect my peace of mind, inasmuch as I shall consider myself to a certain extent responsible. But fair fight is another thing altogether. It is now five o'clock. According to our agreement, we meet at eight to-morrow morning. I shall need at least five hours' sleep beforehand, or I shall not take steady aim. Allowing full time to dress, breakfast and get to the *rendez-vous*, I ought not to go to bed later than two. Between five o'clock this evening and two to-morrow morning there are nine hours. Now, these nine hours I will promise you, on my word of honor as a gentleman, to spend on the investigation of a question that does not interest me in the least, and on which, but for you, I should never. In the whole course of my life, have spent nine minutes—if you, on your part, will promise to meet me at eight to-morrow. If, by that time, I can answer your question in the affirmative—and I know already that it is not by words alone that you will judge whether I speak the truth—well and good! Let us fight! Whichever way the duel ends, you will have the satisfaction of thinking that I

have gained a belief which, but for you, I should not even have wished to gain. If, on the contrary, I retain my present scepticism, we will shoot ourselves instead of each other. *Voilà tout!* It is a pity; the country will lose two possible defenders instead of one, but I do not see how that can be helped. Is it a bond? Will you meet me at eight?"

The Count rose from his chair; his eyes shone.

"I have the greatest pleasure in accepting your generous proposal," he replied, "more especially as I am quite convinced that no one could study this question for nine hours without answering it as I myself have been taught to answer it. As for the method of study, that of course must be left to yourself. The 'Phaidôn' of Plato?"

"No," I said carelessly, moving away from the door to let him pass. "My tastes are not philosophical. I shall sit by the fire for three hours, and think it over in my own way. (I dare not engage that my mind will not wander to other subjects. La Giroutte danced adorably in the ballet last night.) Then, if you have no objection, I shall dine out and go to a ball, the invitation for which I accepted some time ago, so that my absence would be remarked: and, when the clock strikes eleven, I shall betake myself to my confessor. If serious reflection, if the sight of the vanities of this world, if the consolations of religion, all put together, cannot persuade me to believe in the immortality of the soul, it will be a hopeless affair indeed! for I am sure nothing else could."

The Count sighed.

"It is a strange way to take," he said, "but let no man judge for another. I myself was led to believe by a series of events which, to any other than myself, would appear almost incredible. I pray that you may be rightly directed. In the meantime I wish you good-night. I shall not retire to rest before two o'clock." He bowed again and went out.

When he was gone I threw myself

down in the chair which he had occupied, that I might enjoy to the full the luxury of being alone. The Count's presence had become a hideous oppression to me during the last quarter of an hour. I had felt as if he would never go—as if he were a nightmare, as if he were the Old Man of the Sea, as if he were a whole crowd of people in himself, and made the room stuffy. I ran to the window and flung it open; the wind rushed in and puffed the curtains out, and rioted amongst my books and papers, bathing me, body and soul, in freedom. I heaped up faggot after faggot and stirred them into a blaze that might have set the chimney on fire. Then, between wind and flame, down I sat, according to contract, to consider that part of myself which was more subtle than ether.

I found it to the full as difficult as I had expected. The old arguments were no newer. "We should like to go on living very much. Therefore we think we shall. But as we really do not know, we will not die till the last possible moment." They came to little more than that, so it seemed. As I was without this strong prepossession in favor of life, I failed to recognize their cogency. Besides, to have that man going on for ever? I had a strong prepossession in favor of his extinction, even if it necessarily included my own. I loved myself less than I hated him. Not that I had any reason to hate him. He was everything that he should be, which gave a sort of zest to my abhorrence, reduced it to a fine art—made it essential, not a mere accident. Our natures were antagonistic. I could have forgiven another for murdering me more easily than I could forgive him the fact of his existence in the same universe with myself. He jarred upon my every nerve. My eyes rebelled at the sight of his face, my ears at the sound of his voice, the touch of his hand caused an electric shiver of repulsion. He annihilated all but the animal part of me; when he was in the room I knew his dog had more of a soul than I. And, by

the strangest freak of fancy, it was this man who, more than any one I ever met, had the faculty of conjuring anything like it out of me, who insisted not only on my believing it was there, but that it would go on being there for ever and ever.

"No, Count," I said, as I watched the sparks go up the chimney. "Keep your immortality to yourself! I would not share it with you for the asking," and through my mind there flashed the old emblems of the transitoriness of life—the dream, the shadow, the morning mist, the snowflake, the flower of the grass, the bird flying out of the darkness, through the lighted hall, into the darkness again. I was reassured concerning its momentary character. "And yet," I said to myself, "the Count has a very strong will. If any man had the power to insist on living in defiance of all the rules of Nature, that man would be the Count. Perhaps it is his excessive vitality which is burdensome to ephemeral creatures like myself. It is as if he absorbed their proper part whenever he came near them."

So thinking, I took out my pistols and cleaned them, not without a certain pleasure. I had had enough of my own society by the time the clock struck eight, and was well inclined to seek that of others.

The dinner to which I was invited was given by Princess X., who lived in an apartment on the third floor of the Hotel Z. She was going to a dance that night—the same that I meant to attend—and the party beforehand would be, she informed me, quite a small one, consisting only of myself and a few intimates. It so happened that I was rather late. Seeing the door of the lift open, I got in. The darkness had prevented me from noticing that in one corner there was already something that looked like a downy ball of white, with a very small head coming out of it. I would fain have beaten a retreat, but it was too late; the porter stepped in after me and we began to ascend.

"Oh!" said the little lady, with a gasp.

putting out a small, white hand to catch hold of me. I am afraid that I did not attempt to reassure her. It was all over in a minute.

The lift stopped. I made way for her to get out. She turned round to me, smiling and blushing.

"I beg your pardon," she said, "I never have been in one before. It is so unlike anything else—when you are not accustomed. I suppose you are going to dine with *Marraine*?"

"I have not the pleasure of calling the Princess X. *Marraine*," I replied, "but if she has the pleasure of calling you her godchild, we are bound for one destination. Allow me to ring the bell."

As she passed into the hall, the clearer light shone, for a moment, on her soft brown curls, and glanced, reflected in her mirthful eyes.

We entered the drawing-room almost at the same moment. As the princess rose to make us acquainted, she laughed again and said quickly:—

"No, no, *Marraine*, it is too late. I was introduced by the lift, as the greatest coward this gentleman has ever known, quite three minutes ago."

The princess took her hand.

"Well! well!" she said, "was there ever such a naughty *débutante*? It is a pity, as you took each other up so pleasantly, that you cannot take each other down also. But there I must interfere."

"It is cruel of you, princess. Fate was much kinder. But"—I turned to the younger lady—"may I presume to ask your hand for the first dance?"

"You may," she said merrily; "but I hope you know what you are asking. It is the first dance that I have ever given any one."

"Where is your father?" asked the princess.

"Kept at home by a letter from the prime minister. He begs that you will excuse him; for nothing else would he have given up this party. He is coming later on, to take me home. I hope he will not come till very late indeed, if that is all he cares for. He did not feel



sure that it was meet for me to go out to dinner alone, even to the house of my godmother, but he said that he did not want to disappoint you, and I think," she put in candidly, though very demurely, "he did not want to disappoint me either. I should have died of vexation if I had had to stay at home."

The princess laughed.

"That makes it serious. And seriously, my love, you are quite right. Unless one is dead or dying, one should keep one's dinner engagement. And, while I think of it," she added, addressing herself to me, "I must positively engage you to dine with me to-morrow. I expect the prime minister, and I cannot be left alone to entertain him. Eight o'clock, do you hear? He will have to leave early, so mind you are in time."

"To hear is to obey. Unless I am dead or dying, I will keep my dinner engagement."

"I think I am sure of you then. You never looked better in your life."

"Dinner is on the table," said the princess's butler.

The ground floor of the hotel had been engaged for the dance. The fiddles were already striking up when I, in company with the other gentlemen of the party, entered the room. My promised partner was standing beside the princess, busily inscribing the names of various aspirants on her card. I thought she might be better employed inscribing mine, and said so. She gave me the card, and I availed myself of the few vacant spaces that appeared on it.

"Quick, quick!" she cried. "There is the music! Are you not longing to be off?"

Dancing varies inversely as the character of the lady who dances. With her it resembled nothing so much as flight. She scarcely seemed to touch the ground with her feet, she was as light as one of the feathers on her cloak. The music mounted to my brain as we went whirling round and round together. I felt as though I were a spirit,

chasing another spirit. I forgot everything else, and when it stopped I could not have told whether we had been dancing hours or moments. I had begun in another state of existence.

"Ah!" she said, "your step goes well with mine."

How I filled up the intervals when I was not dancing with her I do not know. Once, while we were standing together in the recess formed by a window, a great moth flew in and made for the lighted candelabra over our heads. There was a quick change in her.

"O save it, save it!" she cried, clasping her little hands together in wild distress.

I caught the creature in my handkerchief and let it out again. When I returned to her she was pale and trembling.

"He was quite safe," I said. "Do not be unhappy! After all, what would it matter if he did burn himself? In proportion, he would have lived much longer than we shall."

"No, no," she said. "We live forever."

Her words sent a thrill of recollection through me.

"Do we?" I said, in a gentler voice. "If you tell me so, I will believe it."

"Why, yes, of course we do," she said. "I never heard any one say that we did not. Shall we finish this dance?"

It was the last opportunity that I had of talking to her. I think I was engaged in conversation with some one else when, later on in the evening, I heard her pleading tones close behind me.

"Only one more! O let me stay for only one more!"

In an instant she was at my side.

"I must go," she said. "I must have one more dance before I go. I do not know where my partner is."

It was irresistible, though I had a humiliating sensation that she asked me only because there was no one else at hand. She broke away just when the delirium of enjoyment was at its height.

"No longer!" she cried. "Not a mo-

ment more! That was perfect. Good-night!"

She made me a tricksy sign of adieu with her fan, and tripped away; she could hardly help dancing as she moved.

I stood bewildered for a moment, then rushed to the door that I might see her as she passed to her carriage. She was leaning on her father's arm as she went down the steps. The link-man raised his torch to guide them, and a sudden glare of light showed me the features of the Count.

I drew a long breath.

"It is as well that I am going to fight that man to-morrow," I thought. "If not, he would inevitably have been my father-in-law. In the first place, I have not enough to marry upon; in the second, we should have made the little thing miserable between us."

The wind detached a fragment of her swansdown cloak. I stooped and picked it up.

Practically speaking, the disposition of my time had been in no degree influenced by the Count's grotesque requirement. I had intended all along to stay at home until eight o'clock, to dine with the Princess X., to go to the dance, and to visit the dearest friend that I had in the world. He was a Dominican monk, of great learning and acuteness, resident in the Monastery of S. Petrox, about half a mile off. We were old schoolfellows, and, though our ways of life were very different, he had never lost the ascendancy over me which, as a boy, he had understood how to gain.

He was busy reading when I entered his cell; he laid his finger on his lips, to show me that I must not interrupt him.

After a long pause, he closed the great volume reverently and asked me what I wanted at that time of night.

"I want an immortal soul."

"Curious!" he remarked, pushing his spectacles up on his forehead. "I have just been studying the question of the soul."

"Well! what is the result of your investigations?"

"My friend," returned the Dominican, "what would it avail were I to tell you? I know your mind upon these subjects."

"That is more than I know myself, then—more than I should ever have wished to know but for a strange occurrence."

I told him all the circumstances of my conversation with the Count, not mentioning his name, of course.

"You have helped me at many a difficult pass before now," I said. "Help me again. Pour the contents of that great volume upon my head!"

"You would be as wise as you were before. I know you, *amico mio*. You own no teacher save experience."

"What is the experience that can make a man believe in that of which he has none? Tell me, that I may seek it."

"Is there any one in the world of whom you are really fond?" said the Dominican.

For the fraction of a second I hesitated.

"Forgive the question! It is of no importance. There is one way by which you can be brought to believe, but it *may* cost you your life. Are you willing to risk it?"

"I am bound to preserve my life until to-morrow morning."

"So far I can guarantee it, if you are careful to obey. For the rest, you are indifferent? Well and good! Understand that I, on my part, am running a great risk for your sake. If what I am about to do were to become known, I should incur excommunication. My fellow-Churchmen would say that I was endangering a soul within the fold to save one that is without. So be it! You are my friend. You are, I know, an actor of some experience. Do you think that you could personate me?"

"With your instructions, I have no doubt that I could."

He rose, and took from his cupboard a priest's robe and a little cap.

"You have just recovered from an illness; you must wear a *beretta*. You are close shaven; that is well. Under the *beretta* your hair is not too long.

Be sure to recollect that you are still subject to cold—that you must on no account take it off. Before we go any further, oblige me by taking an oath—a solemn oath. First, that, whatever may happen, you will attempt no resistance; secondly, that you will never reveal the names of those amongst whom I am going to send you, nor any of the circumstances which you may be called upon to witness. Before you swear, reflect! The possession of a secret of this kind implies considerable danger. Is it worth the risk?"

"A strange question for one of your calling to ask!" I retorted. "I am no priest, but I think it is."

"Is there anything in the world that you hold sacred?" said the Dominican.

I drew the bit of swansdown from its resting-place, profaning the one true sentiment that was in me with a laugh. As for my friend, he never even smiled.

"That will do!" he said. "Swear upon that!"

I did so.

"You are now a penitent before me. I have heard your confession. I am about to absolve you. Take accurate note of everything that I say, and reproduce my words, as nearly as you can, when you are called in to the death-bed."

"You spoke to me as if I were a woman," I observed, when he had finished.

"You are quite right," said the monk. "Now let us reverse the parts. Do you absolve me, as if I were a woman?"

I repeated the form of words which he had just gone through.

"*Evviva!*" he said, when I had done. "You might have been born in a cassock."

At the same moment I heard the hooting of an owl in the garden below. He started, and looked at the clock.

"Late!" he said. "That is the carriage. We have not a moment to lose. Let me recommend you to keep silence from the time you leave these doors to the time when you are set down again. If you say a word more than is neces-

sary, I will not answer for the consequences. I shall await you here on your return. Remember your oath." Then, bending forward as if he feared the very walls would hear, he added in a whisper:—

*"Take no refreshment in that house."*

He touched the back of a volume of the "*Via Media*" as he spoke; part of what had appeared to be the bookcase sprang open and disclosed a winding stair. Without another word, he pointed down it, taking a light to show me the way. At the last turn of the steps he left me.

I felt the cold breath of the night lifting my hair. Then I was suddenly seized and blindfolded; whether by two or more persons I could not be sure, for I was taken by surprise in the darkness. Determined to adhere to the prescribed conditions of the adventure, I made no sound and I heard a whisper:—

"No need to gag him, he has his cue."

In a moment strong arms had lifted me and were carrying me along—over the grass, as I judged, for there was no ring of footsteps. I was let down gently enough upon the seat of a carriage, and away we went like the wind. How long it took, which way we went, whether there was any one else in the carriage, I have no idea. A steady hand must have held the reins. We were going at a breakneck pace, yet we never encountered the smallest obstacle, nor did I even feel a jolt. Thus was I whirled along through the night, as little able to see as if I had been sleeping.

We stopped at last. I was helped out, and guided, as I judged by the mouldy smell, into some cellar or disused passage, at the end of which there were steps. Presumably, they led up into a house, for when we trod on level ground again, the atmosphere was dry and warm, and, to my great surprise, I heard the tones of a piano in the distance—familiar tones, at the sound of which my heart beat, though it was a minute before I recollected that I had heard them last as I was leaving the

ball-room. We went up many stairs, down many more and up again, the sounds growing more and more distinct as we advanced. They ceased abruptly, the bandage was removed, and I found myself standing alone in a tiny room, lit by one small red-shaded lamp. I tried the door, but it was locked; mysterious, for I had heard no turning of the key! A piano stood open, but there was no music upon it. A book lay on the sofa, as if some one had just tossed it down there. On the outer side there was no window at all; in the other wall was a recess, formed by three little windows of painted glass, through which a light from below shone dimly, by way of the Madonna and two attendant saints.

I waited a long time, but no one came.

The stillness grew oppressive. I threw myself on the sofa, and tried to read, but the air was heated and magnetic—it seemed to thrust itself between me and the lines. I looked at the first page of the book, to see if there were any indication of the owner, but there was none. I then tried several others, all with the same ill success. Clearly they had been read with much affection, for they were often marked with pencil; but there was never any name in the beginning, and from one or two of them the fly-leaf had been removed.

On a sudden the light reflected from below went out; the saints became indistinguishable.

My curiosity got the better of me. I resolved, come what would, to open one of those windows; to have nothing but a pane of glass between me and the unknown was too strong a temptation. I pressed with all my strength against the woodwork of the centre one; there was a slight, a very slight yielding; it seemed to give on darkness. I moved the lamp cautiously, so as to concentrate its beams upon the chink, and pressed again. For an instant I caught sight of the dark figure of a man, bending over a table, in front of a fireplace, far down below. Then the window gave an ominous creak. I closed it, and

sat breathless. Whether the man had heard? I inclined to think that he must have. Presently there were footsteps outside.

"In half an hour!" said a man's voice.

"In half an hour," said a woman's.

It was music echoing a discord. The key turned in the lock; the little lady of the swansdown cloak entered, and shut the door behind her. I cannot now conceive my feelings at that moment; but I had just presence of mind enough to recollect that I should be turned out if I did not sustain my part. We saluted each other in the usual way, and she knelt down before me. For the first time it darted through my mind that she was going to make a confession—and to me! A strong repugnance to hear it overcame every other consideration. If I could mock that creature, I must be a fiend incarnate. Yet how, with safety to my friend—and to myself—prevent her? I took a step backward. She raised her eyes appealingly. I frowned and turned away.

"This is some jest," I said sternly. "I was sent to attend a deathbed. Take me to the penitent."

"It is I that am dying."

"Are you mad?" I demanded. "Many a time have I seen death; never with eyes and cheeks like these."

"He that has not an hour to live is no nearer death than I am. I shall not see the sun rise to-morrow."

She spoke with such conviction that I staggered back, reeling under the shock.

"You are ill," she said solicitously, rising from her knees. "Holy Virgin, what shall I do? Help! help!"

I summoned all the strength of mind that I possessed.

"Do not call, my daughter! It is only a passing weakness. The way hither is long. I am but lately recovered from a severe indisposition. Let me rest!"

Some excuse of this kind I think I made. Whatever it was, she accepted it, and stood watching me for a minute or two. Then, seeing that I was better, she said, with great gentleness:—

"It was not good to send you out on such a wild night as this. You should have stayed at home and slept. It grieves me so, to see that I have made you ill. I did not think of this, when I asked my father to send for a priest. I have hardly ever been allowed one; but you are very like some one that I have seen—I cannot feel as if you were a stranger. I could believe anything that you said—I know I could. Are you glad to think how greatly it comforts me to see you?"

"I would give the remnant of my years, if that could be of any service to you," I said, striving not to say it too fervently.

She was quiet for a moment—then, drawing a chair close to the sofa on which I had fallen back, she resumed.

"I will not weary you with making a long confession. I think I can say what is on my mind better like this. I trust your face."

She hesitated.

"It is a dreadful thing. At first I thought I dared not say it to any one. It was wicked of me even to think it."

She hid her face.

"But you, you are older; you may not have very long to live either. Things look so different then. If you said it, I could believe it. I know I could."

Once more she hesitated. The wind had risen again in all its fury, and was howling outside the window.

"Satan tempts us," she said.

"Yes," I said. "Satan tempts us."

She turned her face away, clasped her hands tightly, and went on.

"I do not know how to say it. It was like this. I was at a dance, and very happy. I think I never was so happy in my life. I never danced with any one before. There came a moth, and it was going to burn itself. He saved it; and then he said: 'What matter if it had died, for we were all like moths.' There is nothing more."

"He told a lie."

"I knew it, I knew it," she cried. "Say that! Look at me as you say it! Say: 'I believe we live again.'"

"I believe that we live again," I said solemnly, answering her gaze with perfect truthfulness. The anguish passed away; the strained hands loosened. She bent her head and closed her eyes. When she spoke again, she said in a whisper: "It is all well. How good of you to come! He said he would believe it, if I told him. I could not tell him. He made me feel as if I did not know. If I could only—will you say this to him for me? Ah, no! I forgot. You must never tell any one."

"You shall tell him yourself."

A light, first of wonder, then of the happiness of those who see a vision, dawned in her eyes. I was still half in heaven with her, when the Count entered. She told him that I had been ill—that I ought not to have come out at night.

"I am greatly obliged to you for your kindness." The Count addressed himself to me with a graceful, though condescending bow. "The Abbot is informed of the reasons for which secrecy is imperative," he continued. "I feel sure that you will hold me excused. But we must not suffer you to go hence without a draught of wine." His daughter went before him.

I followed, down the dark staircase into a hall—the same evidently as that into which I had peeped from the window of the boudoir. It lay in darkness now; even the fire burned low. The Count carried a lamp.

Strange figures, stranger faces, met my eyes. Goat-footed creatures were driving airy chariots over my head; Cupids and Fauns and things half man, half beast or bird, were at their wildest revelry around me. Here stood *l'homme armé*, his visor up, nothing but vacant blackness behind it. There two colossal heads, man and woman, leered at each other. Garlands of carved fruit and flowers, amidst which squirrels, monkeys and little owls were playing, wreathed pillar and post of the staircase by which we had come down. No two were alike.

In front of the fire stood a table; on it a tray of polished brass, holding a flask



of fine Venetian work and some glasses.

He seated himself in silence. I did the same.

A French clock on its bracket struck, or rather tolled, an hour after midnight.

Lifting his dark eyes, the Count fixed them steadily upon me. I feared his recognition too much to meet them, for he and I had looked each other in the eyes once before. It is impossible to mask the soul when she is sitting at her open windows. But he had no suspicion.

"In the course of your life," he said, "you have, no doubt, seen many strange things." He waved his hand in the direction of the grotesques. "Did you ever, if I may ask the question, see a house furnished in this way before?"

"Never."

"Could it have been so furnished by any reasonable man?"

"A poet?" I said tentatively.

The Count shrugged his shoulders.

"There are no poets in the family."

I kept silence.

"The man shot himself. His son built the little room up above. It has no window to the front. There his wife lived until her death."

He glanced up at a portrait on the wall, the features of which strongly resembled his own.

"No one knows what became of him."

As he spoke, he pulled a silk tassel which hung by a long slender cord from the ceiling. A thousand lights flashed out. The heart of every carved rose became a heart of flame, stars glowed among the vine and pomegranate, eyes of fire shone from the grotesque heads. The lights, the faces, the flowers and fruit all round wreathed themselves into the first letter of the name of my enemy. Everywhere it was written. A wave of fresh vigorous hate surged over me.

"Have you ever seen an apartment lighted in this manner before?" he asked.

"I must confess that it appears to me fantastic, though very beautiful."

"We were not speaking of the effect, I think. It is unusual?"

"Certainly."

"The invention is due to the father of the present owner. He fell by his own hand."

"And the present owner?" I said.

The Count's expression changed. He looked at his daughter, who had seated herself on a low couch by the fire. She did not appear to be listening; but he lowered his voice.

"The present owner has one child—now in the flower of her youth. She does not know the dreadful fate of her ancestors. She has only been told thus much—that at the age of seventeen she will pass into another life. She feels no fear, since she is going to the mother whom, as a babe, she lost. Of the exact moment and manner of her death she has been kept in ignorance until within an hour of it. Nothing has frightened, nothing has distressed her. Pure and unspotted as she came to him, he that best loves her desires to send her back to that heaven which is more real to her than earth, to that heaven which will save her from knowing—as, but for him, she must infallibly know—that this earth is a hell. Is he right?"

"No," I said, with a certain assurance. "He is mad."

The Count started; but on the instant he was calm again.

"That makes the fifth generation," he said, as if to himself. "In the eyes of ignorant persons he may be mad perhaps. Is it not the truest sanity to prevent these horrors from culminating in a sixth? I cannot but approve his judgment."

He turned towards the girl. She raised her face to his. I saw that it was white as marble. I thought that she was going to faint. Instinctively I seized the flask and poured out some of the wine.

"Well thought of," said the Count. "The Church, however, comes first—even before a lady."

He made a sign to her.

"You need refreshment more than I," she said, offering me the glass.

I took it from her, not thinking what I did. And yet some words of hers recalled a word spoken before.

"Refreshment?"

"Take no refreshment in that house."

I had but tasted. For the moment my senses still were clear. I saw the Count sprinkle drops from a phial on to his handkerchief and give it to the little lady. I saw her fall back softly on the couch.

Her father watched with rapt attention. The swansdown cloak that she had worn was hanging over the back of a chair. Suddenly he tore a bit of it away and held it to her lips. The light down never stirred.

I thought that I called out, but heard no sound.

There was a weight of lead upon my eyes—the air was thick with fog. I fought with might and main to get to her. I could not stir a step. I could not even see her now.

Making one last effort to move, I missed my footing and fell—fell, as it seemed, into a yawning gulf that opened suddenly before me—fell down and down and down into the fathomless depths of that slumber wherein we spend the half of existence.

But Lethe had been meted out unevenly; to her the sleep that knew no earthly morrow—to me the sleep that ended in a few hours, leaving the rest of life a dream.

On the day after, I met the Count at eight o'clock in the morning. At eight o'clock in the evening I kept my dinner engagement.

M. E. COLERIDGE.

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From the *Revue des Deux Mondes*.  
ANOTHER VIEW OF PHOTOGRAPHY.  
IV.

Pictures of this kind are, of course, produced by the photographic process, but they no more suggest the thought of bromo-gelatine than an etching evokes the idea of an acid, a sepla that of a mollusc, or a crayon that of the branch of a tree of the *Celastrus* family. There is a certain view in Holland, taken by M. Robert Demachy, which takes the beholder far away from the town that inspired it, and the

machine whereby its image was fixed. It is called "Dead Waters," and a double row of houses with notched and pointed gables dip their old walls in a still canal. Not a monument ennobles this canal, not a figure animates it. It is so sad that the very water seems fed by the tears of all the generations who have lived beside it. The windows are either closed, or vacant as un-seeing eyes. There is a single boat, strangely like a coffin, and a stair leads down into the tranquil abyss, like an invitation to suicide. The reversed reflection of the sharp gables buries itself in the unshrinking water, like needles in inert flesh. Dead waters, indeed! Waters which descend no slope, and seek no outlet! Waters as sterile as the clay of the bricks which they bathe; waters fixed like a mirror in their stony frame; waters which will nevermore fall into fountain-basins, pearly drop by drop, nor separate into streams and threads, and leap from cascade to cascade; mute waters which neither sing nor sob nor softly complain, as those of springs and pools and torrents do; waters without form and void, which can but repeat with stammering iteration the hues and contours of the houses that lean over them, but which are incapable of attracting our fancy to happier shores, because they can but give back the image of our own wrinkles, our own gloom, our own sorrows, redoubling instead of dissipating them.

A deep and indelible impression is also produced by the symbolic and pre-Raphaelitic work of M. Craig-Annan. Is the great page which bears the title of "Eleanore" really a photograph, or is it but a dream evoked by those lovely lines of Tennyson:—

As tho' a star in the inmost heaven set,  
So full, so deep, so slow,  
Thought seems to come and go  
In thy large eyes, imperial Eleanore. . . .

The heroine stands, with her long hair rippling down on either side of her figure, on a wooded slope, among heaps of dry leaves, of which the countless multitude is divined rather than seen,

the one living, breathing thing amid all the forest-spoil, which once hid the heavens above, and now spreads its golden mantle over the shivering earth; for it is autumn, when the trees cast their garments, and so give back to the earth which nourishes them a little of the sap they received from her in the spring.

On the other hand, it would be impossible to imagine anything more *alive* than a certain small proof of M. Craig-Annan, called "White Friars." Two monks are tramping along, at a great pace, in the broad sunshine, under the stress of the same motive, and the shadow of the same hat-brims, the folds of their frocks fluttering and bulging in the same breeze, their feet lifted so as to show the soles, and moving to the same rhythm, hurrying to the church, the school, or the refectory. Not a detail distracts our attention; from head to foot, the two figures convey but a single impression, of speed, of glaring light, of obstinate determination.

Some of these works are so like drawings by a master-hand as almost to be mistaken for them. There is an "Evening Effect" by M. Brémard, which is exceedingly like a Millet, the black and white patches positively conveying an impression of color. There is a "Dusky Light" of M. Wilms which takes one back to Turner, and an "Evening Brings Repose," by M. Colard, which is a Corot. All who have seen the draped female figures of the English painter Albert Moore will be vividly reminded of them by the photographs of M. René Lebègue; and that larger number who admire the vague refinement and evanescent charm of the "Portrait of a Young Girl," by Flandrin will rejoice to find it again in "Vanishing Profile" of M. Maurice Brémard. In many of these things, it is next to impossible to detect the photograph. There is a portrait of a "Jeune Hollandaise," by M. Alfred Maskell, which is a simple prodigy of truthful interpretation. If it claimed to be a charcoal-sketch, no one would dream of disput-

ing it. A "View of the Loire at Saint-Denis-Hors," by Henry Ballif, is precisely like a red chalk; and a "September in Normandy," by M. da Cunha, like a wash in Chinese ink. All the delicacies of accent which belong to truly artistic work in black and white are to be found in the "Fog" of M. Sutcliffe, the "Soldiers in Single File," of M. Alexander, in a landscape called "After Sunset," by M. Bucquet, the president of the photo-club, in the landscapes of Messrs. Hannon and Watzeck in the treatment of the sands, in the "Low Tide" of M. de Védrines, and in "The Golden Peace of the Country," by M. Smedley Aston. Another work, exceedingly curious in its poignant verity and tranquil irony, is that deserted street vanishing in fog, and punctuated by one black cab in the middle distance, which is called "Fine Weather in London," by M. Colard. It would be difficult to give in a small space a more penetrating impression of that city of factory-fumes and brain-fumes, that sorrowful, mystical, pregnant city, that city of cautious crimes, and hidden dens, and slow consumption; where virtue and the spirit of reform alone come out boldly, and good morals are proclaimed by flourish of trumpets and beating of drums.

But if the new-fashioned photographs are indistinguishable, by the great public, from sketches in charcoal or red-chalk, and if they can only be produced through the interference, at three different stages, of a man of taste and dexterity, why should we refuse to call them works of art? For our own part we can see no reason. It is true, of course, that the manual labor is neither so important, in this case, nor so incessant as that of the artist who has to go over the whole of his paper or canvas and overshadow it with his hand, by the same token. In photography, a part of the work is done by the machine, and simplified accordingly. But it is not the difficulty of the process which gives a work its artistic value. Because a brush dipped in Chinese ink will render a tone of earth or sky

quicker than a bit of charcoal, does it follow that the former is the less artistic process? And because the crayon, aided by the stump, is a hundred times better instrument than a hand and dry lead pencil for the grouping and shading of trees and clouds, shall we say that a fine crayon is less a work of art than a sheet of paper blackened by conventional pencil-foliage, with cross-hatching in the sky? That would indeed be a strange conclusion! And yet again: if a draughtsman like M. Bertin can get his effect quicker on a bluish paper, which gives him a general tone to begin with, is he any less an artist than if he had gone all over the paper putting in a flat tint with his own hand? But what tinted paper, charcoal and the stump can do to lighten the labor of the artist, the camera does in a still greater degree—that is all!

It is true that the photographer is not absolute master; he can only influence lines and tones, not create them. He has to reckon with a chemical agent, which plays a preponderant part in the development of the negative and the delineation of the image. But so does the acid play a great part in an etching. Here, too, the artist has to collaborate with a senseless chemical agent. No engraver, etcher or any other, can say precisely what his work will be after such collaboration has taken place. Just hear what M. Bracquemond has to say on this subject. "The engraver who makes incised lines on a metal plate, either with a burin or by means of an acid, can only judge of the depth, and consequently of the *value*, of his incisions by the character of the print." And look at the "Portrait of an Engraver," by M. Mathey, in the Luxembourg. The man is earnestly scanning a sheet, still wet from the press. What a piercing, searching, anxious gaze he bestows upon the curved paper, held out at arm's length, while his discarded cigarette has gone out unheeded upon a corner of the press. He seems relieved, but his fears have been great. The fact is that there are risks and uncertainties, as there are, for that mat-

ter, in water-colors, and many more than the water-colorists like to confess; but neither the freaks of the acid, nor the accident of that watery splash, which for the rest is sometimes so very useful and telling, has ever been held to disqualify a man as an artist.

It will be urged, furthermore, that a true work of art is a unique expression of some particular thought or mood of the artist; and that, from the moment when endless reproductions can be made of it—like proofs from a negative—it loses its distinction and becomes a mere manufactured article. It is not true, however, that an indefinite number of artistic proofs can be taken from the same negative. As a matter of fact, each proof which the artist obtains by practising erasure on paper tinted with bi-chromatic gum is a unique proof. He often fails, and when he gets a good one he rarely tries again. If he does so he gets something different from the copy already produced. It is a *replica*, if you will, but not a duplicate. A photograph by M. Demachy comes much nearer to being an original than an impression from an etched plate.

Lastly, it is an equally erroneous supposition, that a certain number of artists with the same subject before them are compelled, by their machines, to produce the same picture. The personal impress which such men as those I have named give to their work is so strong that one seldom needs to read their signatures; and after attending one or two of their exhibitions, you can no more confound a photograph by M. Demachy with one by M. Puyo, or a third by M. Craig-Annan with a fourth by M. Le Bégue, than you can attribute a landscape of M. Montenard's to M. Harpignies, or a nymph of M. Bouquerau's to Sir Edward Burne-Jones.

This personal imprint is, in fact, the sorest grievance of the professional photographer against the amateur. "That is not pure photography," they cry with disdain, "it has been retouched!" But if the reproach were just, its only bearing would be on the

artistic point of view from which the work is to be regarded. If the impression produced is an æsthetic one, what matter how it is conveyed? We, too, have a horror of *gouache* in water-colors; but for the reason that the effect of *gouache* is to render the water-color heavy, and therefore less artistic than a pure water-color. If it were possible to have a *gouache* of which the effect should be lighter than that of the *aquarelle*, we should admire it frankly, and never cast up against the artist his employment of white. In like manner, the very reasonable objection of certain amateurs to retouching in photography arises from the fact that there is a sort of retouching which *weights* the photograph, blunts its contours, alters the whole original relation of its tones, and so destroys the *homogeneity* of the photographic print. If the after touches do not make the photograph *pasty*, nor break the gradation of its tones, but harmonize so perfectly with the rest that it is impossible to say just where they were applied, then they are perfectly legitimate and all ground of objection to them disappears.

And, as a matter of fact, in the latest productions there is no retouching in the sense of painting on the glass of the negative, or touching the gelatine with a pencil—processes much affected by professionals to which we owe the thick, dull whites and the parchment skins which are so much admired in the boulevard windows. What is new is the labor bestowed upon the proof, which gives no such shock as we sometimes get from retouching; and is as harmonious and homogeneous as a wash in sepiæ or Chinese ink, and is no more objectionable in the latest efforts in photography than in wash-drawings, which are all retouching.

But it may be objected that if the new art-processes are so like the old, there is no particular need of the new; nor would there be if photography had not certain qualities peculiar to itself. In the first place, when directed by a nice taste, and a thorough understanding of attitudes, it *draws* admirably. The

fidelity of the object-glass, which was a positive defect with an object placed too near, or too equally illuminated, or smothered in accessories, becomes a precious quality when the field of vision is properly limited, the effect large, the lines long, supple and simple, traced faintly upon the background and carefully followed. There is a photograph of M. Puyo's, representing a Penelope at her embroidery, where the curve of the hair, the neck, the shoulders and the dorsal line is so beautiful that Ingres himself could not have drawn it with more quiet assurance. Certain life-studies, photographed in the open air, under a Sicilian sun, when compared with the remains of sculptured bas-reliefs representing gods and heroes, show lines of so pure a rhythm that we can hardly choose between the grace of the carved demigod and that of the living shepherd who flings himself down, after an interval of two thousand years, upon the empty sarcophagus where art has associated them.

Moreover, photography is capable of infinitely fine, tender and delicate modelling. The stump alone, among the tools of black and white, can come anywhere near it. There is no occasion for denying the superiority of a nervous etching or a fine engraving; but are there not certain imperceptible gradations between light and shadow developed upon the inclined planes or prominences of the human face, certain shadows—*dolce e sfumose*, to use the words of Leonardo; "Exhaled upon the paper," in those of Ruskin—in the representation of which photography is unrivalled? For recording in black and white that something in nature which is represented approximately in the faces of Da Vinci, there is hardly another process to be compared with photography. Where the burin or the pencil can only proceed by recording slight distinctions—separate facts which are too strongly emphasized by their very separation—the photograph acts by continuous tints, uniform in texture, but infinitely graduated, which



at once distinguishes the different planes of the flesh by its action, and unites them, by its tonality, just as nature herself does. Precisely because it cannot produce an *accent*—that is, a sudden pause—it surpasses the pencil, when there is a question of passing smoothly from grave to gay—or from night to day. This characteristic has an immense ideographic significance. One may suggest the idea of a figure by its silhouette—its delimitation in space—without revealing its essential qualities; but when it comes to filling up the outline—the delimited space—the draughtsman feels the clumsiness of his instrument. Ingres once said whimsically that “even smoke has to be represented by its *features*,” but the truth is that smoke can only be represented by its *tone*, and every shadow is more or less like smoke. It is not by a copy of the features only that you convey the idea of a face, and for absolute accuracy of outline, and subtle gradations of tone, the superiority of the photograph must be conceded.

And finally, photography surpasses the deftest pencil on earth in its capacity for seizing certain precious effects, baffling alike by their multiplicity and their evanescence; the passage of a cloud across the sky, of a flock over a field, the undulations along mound and hollow, of an army on the march, the gay tumult of a *bataille des fleurs*, the complex fury of a pack falling upon a boar, the broad unfurling of waves over a reef, the mounting mass of waves rolling heavily to the shore, the stratification of currents upon the ocean surface, the fine *cirrus* of the traces left by breaking waves, each one an able and a patient sculptor, upon the sandy beach! And then, the whirling wings of doves, as they circle to the ground, like the souls whom Dante beheld gathering to his pitiful cry, the fleeting indentations of the dimples in the face of a laughing woman, the rapid contraction of the muscles in a man who has been surprised—all that wind, storm, gravitation, fire, hope, wrath or joy, can make flutter, shake,

drop, flame, tremble, frown or smile. How often the draughtsman regrets his inability to seize the subtle sweep of a gesture, the spontaneous formation of a group, the exquisite reflection of a sunbeam! There are good reasons why an artist, in presence of certain effects, should lay hold of his camera rather than his pencil or his brush. Less manageable in some respects, in others it is a more delicate instrument, and always a more expeditious one. The time has passed for denouncing it as either impossible or unfit for the expression of thought. It cannot take the place of other processes, but neither can other processes take the place of it.

V.

But whither is this photographic art-movement tending, and what hopes or what fears for Idealism does it imply? Before we can thoroughly comprehend either the movement itself, or the singular evolution in the minds of its authors which it denotes, we must call to mind what immediately preceded it. A few years ago, we had the spectacle of accomplished photographers approaching our artists, armed with a mass of documents and proposing to teach them their business. They had invented, so they said, certain swift and cunning instruments for the surprise and capture of Nature; perforated discs, for example, which revolved with great rapidity, and would take a hundred views of a man before he could say “Oh!”; boxes in which wasps were shut up, after the tips of their wings had been gilded, so that they might record the trajectory which they describe in their flight; guns and revolvers with object glasses attached, which they aimed at birds, as they would have aimed them at the angels themselves; not to kill them—oh, no!—but simply to expose their clumsy movements in the air, and so rob their images of more than life—of beauty. These singular huntsmen wore, strapped upon the back like a knapsack, a conjuring-box filled with extra plates. A physician of Boulogne conceived the idea of photo-

graphing the signs of different human emotions, which he obtained artificially by electrical applications to the insensible face of an unfortunate hospital patient; and in this way he established the fact that the Laocöon of the Vatican does not move any of the proper muscles for the expression of pain. In like manner our chrono-photographers have triumphantly demonstrated that the horses of the great masters have never galloped as they ought; nor have their men walked with "truth" nor their women danced with "sincerity." Still less might a dove returning to the ark, or a Paraclete poised above God the Father, or a seraph or cherub in any old painting, resist their terrible investigations. Art had ignored motion; science was going to explain it.

Certain artists gave heed to these suggestions, and straightway all things came to a dead stop. Nothing was to be seen but horses in attitudes of absolute and rather absurd immobility, men balanced on one leg, and leaden birds muffled in their feathers. Nothing more utterly false was ever seen on canvas or pedestal than these photographic and scientific verities. Astonishment ensued, then indignation, and then interminable discussion. The very simple idea at last occurred to somebody that science is one thing and art another; that there is one truth for the mind, and another for the eyes, which is by no means the same thing, but which is yet the only thing that concerns art. Fromentin had said it a good while ago, but it appears that there are glaring facts which have to be discovered, and open doors which require to be smashed in.

In this case, scientific truth is truth of detail, while artistic truth is truth of *ensemble*. When the chrono-photographer brings us a proof, showing one of the thousand phases of which a movement is made up, we now reply, "That is a fraction of the movement, not the whole." It is true, of course, that in any given movement, the attitude occurs which you have detected; but it is equally true that there are a

hundred others, each one of them lasting for one instant, and that the movement in question is the result of them all. My eyes can only see a whole; your machine can only see a part. Who shall say that it is the machine which perceives the truth and my eyes which are at fault? Who shall say that truth of *ensemble* is nothing, and truth of detail all? To say that you see wrong because in any given act of motion you see an assemblage of attitudes is equivalent to saying that you hear wrong because in a chorus or orchestra you hear an assemblage of sounds. But it is the end and aim of the musician to make you hear, as one, a multitude of resonances, and why should it not be the aim of nature to make you see as one a multitude of motions? What would you think of a *savant*, who should come up to you in the midst of an opera chorus and say: "I have a precious instrument here which will enable you to hear not the general effect of this music, but each voice and instrument successively. One says, 'Ah, ah, ah,' and another says, 'Oh, oh, oh,' and another makes a tiny little sound; and now you hear the chorus! Before, you got only a confused and erroneous notion of it. It was the dulness of your hearing which caused all these different sounds to blend together into a something which ignoramus call *harmony*. Separate each part from all the rest and you will arrive at the true import of the opera."

It is exactly the same with motion. The eye of the instantaneous object-glass is like an ear which can hear only one sound in an orchestra at a time. It sees very well one of the successive attitudes of which a gesture is composed, but it is blind to the gesture, and so performs the miracle of transforming movement into immobility. We have a striking illustration of this in the instantaneous photograph of a carriage-wheel. The human eye, when it sees a wheel, knows perfectly well whether it is turning or not. The "instantaneous" machine knows nothing about it. Whether the wheel is revolv-

ing at the rate of a phaeton drawn by a fast trotting horse, or whether it is absolutely at rest, the camera returns precisely the same image. It acts so much quicker than the wheel itself, that the latter appears motionless. That tremulousness and confusion of lines which apprise our eyes that the wheel is in motion do not exist for the machine. It can count all the spokes of the wheels, but it forgets that they are revolving. It can perceive one truth, but there is another which it can not perceive, and it is this last with which art has to do.

The fact is that the object-glass does not see as the eye sees. Its vision is sometimes keener, and sometimes less keen. Sometimes it brings out the detail more clearly and sometimes it is much more confusing. It can detect an eruption upon a seemingly healthy human countenance before the physician does, but it makes the most stupid blunders about the quality of stuffs. As M. Puyo has so well said: "Its merciless analysis is a superficial one, after all, and is confined to appearances. Even these appearances the object glass is apt to exaggerate, and sometimes to flatter. It allows itself to be dazzled by the deceitful splendor of paste, and the false gloss of satinette and cotton velvet. . . . And thus it is that by a patient collection of damaged bits and remnants, the photographer is able, at no great expense, to compose costumes and decorations which appear positively sumptuous in the proof." Admirable for determining the angle of inflection of a dragon-fly's wing, or the fin of a hippocampus, the photographic plate is slower than the eye to perceive the relative tone of the air in which the insect flies, or the water in which the fish swims. And it is precisely because it is, as Janssen says, the "retina of the *savant*," that it is not that of the artist.

Photographers now understand this perfectly well. M. Puyo confesses that, for focussing, the eye has a power of accommodation much greater than that of the object-glass. The innovators have set aside the claims of the chrono-

photographers, and will not permit the eye to learn of the machine. On the contrary, they regulate the results of the latter by the eye, and reject all which the eye does not approve. They do not pretend to reform the laws of æsthetics: they content themselves with obeying them. Mr. Alfred Maskell, the head of the new school in England, expressly says: "Our movement may be regarded as a tendency to treat our subjects in accordance with the laws of the other pictorial arts." "There is no need," says M. Robert Demachy, "of one æsthetic for photography, and another for drawing and engraving;" and Messrs Bergon and Le Bègue add: "It seems to us that the study of æsthetics is an indispensable preparation for all effort in this direction." The photographer must compose exactly as though he were going to draw or paint instead of photographing. As for the attitudes furnished by chrono-photography, M. Puyo is for retaining "those only which are endowed with æsthetic qualities." This will suffice to show the evolution of the photographer thus far, and the direction which the new movement is taking.

It is idealistic, in a way; the writings of the innovators make this plain enough, and their works make it still more so. To have introduced thought and feeling into a process hitherto automatic; to have transformed an industry into an art; to have decided that mind must control matter rather than obey it; to have invented modifiable photography—all this is an idealistic enterprise. But the innovators have gone farther than this. Perceiving that the best thing about their productions was what they, themselves, put into them, and feeling, with Ruskin, that "If you have no human purpose, there is more beauty in the wayside grass than in all the sun-blackened paper you can accumulate in a lifetime," they have boldly subordinated their vision to a very distinct purpose. In their effort to free themselves from servile imitation, they have planted themselves boldly upon light and shade, and have proclaimed

their preference for those general effects which escape the impressionist. Many of their landscapes are treated in large masses, with the foremost plane for the most part overshadowed and the light thrown back into the second, while all the small reflected lights are deliberately quenched for the sake of obtaining a free general effect. There is a "Potter" by M. Declercq, where the shade is so resolutely diffused, and the light so strikingly concentrated upon a single point, that it is like an etching by Rembrandt. The magnificent portrait of Ruskin by Mr. Frederick Hollyer, where only the extreme outline of the aesthete's profile is revealed by the light from a window, shows plainly enough a preconceived idea, on the artist's part, of peculiar illumination. The *slurring* of the impressionist is strictly prohibited; as M. Puyo says: "The direction of the various beams of light which fall upon a face may be what you will, but their relative intensity must be governed by a fixed law. One of them must be clearly predominant, and all the rest clearly subordinate."

Through their dispersion of effects, the naturalistic school taught the insignificance or indifference of the subject; and here, too, the new photographers have been drawn by the very conditions of their art into a reaction toward classicism. Unable to rely as much upon imagination as the painter does, they have been driven to seek for beauty in nature itself. Since they cannot get it by interpretation solely, they must have it in the object interpreted. A beautiful conception is not enough; there must be a beautiful thing, and the subject at once becomes a most important matter. I do not mean the sort of "subject" very properly despised by the innovators of twenty years ago, the comical or sentimental story, the "view" numbered by the professional guide, where the thrifty native stands ready to offer the tourist a chair, a spy-glass and some soda-water. I refer to what M. Jules Bréton so justly calls the "aesthetic subject;" a strong marshal-

ling of clouds over the sea, as in a photograph of M. Origet's; a symphony of branches, knotted together to resist the wind, but straining skyward after their serial nourishment—such as we see in the study of a "Pond in the Park of Ramboiullet," by M. Dardonville; or in the "At Home" of Mme. Dansaert, with its graceful group of young girls, or the picture lately exhibited by Mme. Farnsworth under the title, "When smiling spring comes over hill and vale."

What the new artists want is a subject consistent in all parts, and, so to speak, organic. Since they can easily reject the superfluous in what nature gives them, but not provide the essential, they would rather have their natural scene or object too rich in interest than too poor. If it is too congested or complex, the artist interferes to simplify it. M. Puyo talks about "unity in motive," and inveighs against those details which distract the attention from "the centre of interest." He has so much to say about "essential recurrence" and "equilibrium of lines," that you might fancy yourself listening to a strict classicist of the school of Winckelman. A prolonged study, not of books, but of nature, has brought our photographers back to the old scholastic rules; not because they are rules, but because they are necessities. "The laws of composition," they say, "are in no sense arbitrary. When we think of the conditions which every work of art ought to fulfil, and which are at once seen to correspond with our own ideas of unity, order and due subordination; do we not find that these general laws are imposed upon us by Greek rationalism and our own individual conception of the universe? What gives rise to the idea of *balance*, if it be not our innate sense of the universal law of gravitation? Hence the almost universal employment in composition of the triangular form, because the triangle is the figure, above all others, which has the lowest centre of gravity. So the laws which regulate associations and harmonies of tint, and which prescribe the 'carrying out' of colors, flow

from our ideas of relation, and the absolute powerlessness of our faculties to judge in any other way than by successive comparisons."

And so, softly and silently, these men, armed with their machine, are conspiring for the classic ideal of ancient days. They have issued no startling manifestoes, nor have they proclaimed the downfall of any art. Their device is a woman letting fall a few pale sun-flowers. "We lay no claim to the title of artists," they said in 1896. "The public, which is familiar with works of art, will itself award us this honor if we deserve it." Into their long and patient contemplation of the aspects of nature, there has entered no day-dream of the ecstasies of fame. They have not coveted money, they have sought for pleasure only; but let us not forget that pleasure of this kind—the mute, humble, intimate pleasure of the Millets and the Rousseaus in the by-paths of Barbizon—has produced more masterpieces than ambition ever did. They love nature; they hearken to what she says, and she often says to them what she does not say to others. After the grand harvest of the landscapists of this century, they have stooped to gather the gleanings. But there is more nourishment in the gleanings of the field than in all the artificial quattrocento or cinquecento flowers that are to be plucked in studios.

These artists affect no airs of mystery. They reveal and give away to the masses all their secrets, and all their recipes. "Help yourselves!" they cry, but few accept the offer, and fewer still profit by it. For the superiority of these men consists, not in papers and chemical ingredients, magnesium lamps and screens, but in their native taste and æsthetic education. There are no more "magic boots" in art than there are in arms. It is by the simplest and commonest methods that the best results are produced. The secret lies not in the compounding of carefully guarded recipes, the formula for which may be given or refused. It lies in the head, the eye, the hand and

the heart. If any proof were needed that it is not new processes, but new purposes, which have produced the beautiful results lately seen in photography, it would be found in the fact that among the millions of photographers who swarm all over the globe, not more than ten or a dozen in France and thirty or so in other countries have, up to this time, produced proofs worthy to be called works of art. And how many has each of these men produced? Not more than one or two in a year which really deserve mention. This fact ought to reassure the regular artists, who would do very wisely to open their exhibitions in black and white to the competition of these modest and enthusiastic students who are converging, by different roads, to the same ideal.

Next time you walk down the long Gallery of the Candelabra in the Museum of Antiques in the Vatican, look up above the heads of the Hermes and the Furies, the Silenuses and the *psychopompic* Mercuries, above the Ephesian Diana, with her six breasts, and the Satyr extracting a thorn from the foot of a Faun, and you will perceive, upon the ceilings which have been painted during the present pontificate, a curious allegory. Science and Art, represented by figures provided with all the appropriate attributes, are paying homage to Religion. And in due order, among the other figures comes Photography grasping her horrible camera. It staggers one a little, not merely that a Torti should have come after a Raphael and a Michael-Angelo, in the decoration of the Vatican ceilings, but that the symbolic goddess of collodion and bromo-gelatine should occupy a niche corresponding to those which are awarded to the Prophets and the Sibyls in the Sistine Chapel. But we remember the verses addressed by Leo XIII. to the Princess Isabel of Bavaria on the "*Ars Photographica*":

. . . Imaginem  
Naturæ Apelles æmulus  
Non pulchriorem pingeret,



and we remind ourselves that what is hyperbole to-day may be truth to-morrow. What we have already seen in our exhibitions may not yet enable us to predict as much, but it is more than enough to permit us to hope for it.

ROBERT DE LA SIZERANNE.

Translated for The Living Age.

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From The Contemporary Review.  
THE ROMANCE OF SCHOOL.

There is still an unnamed Muse. A province due to the sisterhood, who are, as we now recognize, more than nine, has no one of them for Sovereign. Yet is not the school fit to be the kingdom of a Muse?

It may be true that poetry, like religion and philosophy, "deems all things human akin to her." But this is to say the too much which is to say nothing. Shopkeeping and the labor of the laundry are human too, but the Muse, if she has even been surprised beside the till or the mangle, has never lingered: not even a Wordsworth can domesticate her there. The magic light that turns cobweb to golden gossamer, and strikes a sparkle of jewels out of an ash heap, will away again, leaving no time for study and disillusion. Whether a subject can be called poetic is therefore a question of degree; how long and how much is the converse with it of the Muse? There are certainly themes in which poetry is at home, not a mere visitant; there is war and the chase, shepherding and husbandry, even politics, when they spell revolution, even commerce, while she is not on 'Change, but is on the seas between her markets. Can poetry be made at home in the school?

The answer from history would be discouraging. Not to go back to the benches where the learning of the Egyptians was acquired, boys' schools have been described as early as the days of Pericles, but only the Muse of comedy went there, and that to teach Aristophanes the now trite reflection on the decay of manners among young peo-

ple; no Muse guided thither even "our Euripides, the human." And later, while Virgil could sing not only of the camp but of the farm, his lyric friend presents the "old school" and its headmaster with no more touch of poetry than the grown Scotsman recalls the dominie and the tawse. If a Muse of school there be, she was till of late a *Musa in partibus*, and has but yesterday "set up her stool" in a titular realm.

Yesterday, however, she did it—history's yesterday of fifty years ago. For two generations or near, it has been possible for a man to choose to be a schoolmaster for the sake of his bread and of a task, but also because that way lies romance.

The English Midlands are not the chosen land of poetry, though Shakespeare's Avon creeps there still. But there, in two all but neighbor shires, under their headstones sleep the two men who made a new tuneful sister descend from heaven. We cannot give her a name (it needs a Greek to name a Muse), but only a title. She is the Muse of School.

Of school, be it understood, not of education; these two are not the same. Certain educationists have said so before now, meaning a sarcasm. It is true also without the sarcasm. There may be, still kept back by heaven, a Muse of education too, and to her may be some day given for her kingdom, when she is ready to inherit it, all that can be time-tabled, standardised and certificated; all codes, registers and methods shall be hers. Why not? For these matters are great, though not yet beautiful; Minerva, an immortal, has them in care. But the Muse chooses and is not chosen; and the school is her choice already, but the board and the syndicate are not.

Nor even so has she chosen the school everywhere. The Frenchman and the German must tell us whether lycée and gymnasium know her. She had scarcely settled on the Thames and Itchen and Avon, when she crossed the sea to Ireland; there, however, she is, if a divinity, only a Saxon one. And she crossed the Tweed too; but there, since

sne came down to earth on the wrong bank of that river, her title is still defective, for what are fifty years of sojourn to a Scot?

To drop the parable, is there not a new thing under the sun in the imaginative affection which our time bestows upon the school? A school has become to its members the inspirer everywhere of a sentiment, here and there of even a passion. There is a magic for them in its name, like that in the name of country or in the watchword of a race; it touches the springs of ambition and shame, often of action; there are a few in whom the quickest pulse that beats is that which this name stirs. Was it ever so before in history between a boy and his school?

If it ever was, literature shows no trace of it. Books knew of school only as a piece of business, like apprenticeship or the excise; and imagination touched its details only for the humorous opportunity found in whipping-blocks and benches, ink blots and thumbed grammars, and the stolen waters of the truant. Or men wrote of schoolboy affairs as one would write of the nursery or a visit to the dentist, as of things it might be necessary to discuss, but hardly in company, unless with an apologetic lightness of touch. Nowadays there are fictions in which only schoolboys are the heroes and villains, but grown men and women read them. Nay, the schoolboy's life already yields the songs which please within the circle, and may any day yield the poem which will please beyond it.

There are those who will deride this new interest in the child, and say it is only fashion's last amusement, rather longer lived than the æsthetic craze, rather less foolish than the athletic; that presently the maxim, by which our own little selves were repulsed in the desire of self-expression, will be called back into use, and the boy and his affairs will be told that they may have in society a place but not a voice.

This is not what will happen, however. The new child-worship is not all idolatry, any more than was the old woman-worship. As a sex, so an age

may need to be rescued from a world-old neglect, and, once rescued, its claim to man's consideration may be harmonized but never denied. The woman, since chivalry discovered her amiableness, has never again become the thrall; and the child, whose charm has been so lately discovered, will not be driven back to the sordid shades where he was found two generations ago. No more will the poetry of childhood wither again, unless that of womanhood has withered because we now can see that half the talk of chivalry was an insincere and foolish mode. Doubtless new knowledge of mankind, like new knowledge of nature, begins in magic; but the philosopher outstays the magician; and with the estate of child, as of woman, the world, having once discovered it, will keep the romance when it has long parted with the phantasy.

However, our present concern is not the romance of the child, but of the boy. And as yet only of the boy born in the fortunate home. That is the necessary order in the romantic; it moves downwards, as they say temperance and good manners do, and as did the reverence for woman. At present I have only to ask myself why there is a poetry in the life of those schools for the sons of the gentle and the fortunate which the last half of this century has nursed so zealously? If any one charges me with the fallacy of "many questions," and would have me first prove the poetry to be there before I begin to account for it, I answer, as he who retorted to a critic of his mansion's architecture, that, for himself, he lived on the inside of it. For I say that I was a boy in a school and am a man in one; for me it is enough that it is all glorious within.

So I ask, of what stuff is this poetry of school made?

And, first, I see that it is yielded by the most elemental of all the facts of the case, which is that school is for boys, and boys are men beginning. The poetry of school is the poetry of beginnings.

Why are beginnings poetic? That is a question to which somewhere or other lies an answer, but it lies in the laps of

philosophers. We will not go and ask them. We will rather recall how on some summer morning of travel we came from bed into golden sunlight, with the scent of dew upon it, and the crisp note of a bird above the spring in the hostel garden, and the low of cattle coming off the meadows. How the blood danced to the piping of Pan! How the score of minutes over the hasty meal were grudged out of the twelve coming hours of gold in the sliding magic landscape of the traveller's day! Heigh ho! and then the weary nodding hours, the jaded senses of mid-afternoon in the *banquette* of the coach, till at the touch of a cold mountain shadow the soul shook herself awake again, and poised for the descent on the white walls of the evening landing-place. For him who journeys in company of youth it is always early morning; some one is always beginning the day, some one is measuring, with eyes full of sunlight, his vague landscape of achievement, and seeing every league of it fresh with the dew of the morning. We know he is wrong, and we could tell him of the dusty mid-day hedge-rows and the sleepy eyes carried past them. But we do not. Would we rob him of the bread in the strength of which he will go? Besides, we also know that he is right; his is the illusion which is vision; for it is not the landscape that grows dull, but the eyes that grow dim. His, perhaps, will not tire as ours do. Perhaps.

That Perhaps—of how much of life's beauty is it the name? Take it away; replace it with certainty; imagine life's country to be scanned not in the vagueness and illusion of its present perspective, but as in a map, or as fields under a bird's-eye view, and would not romance be gone? That was not so wise a prayer: "Give me to know mine end."

Now, of a boy no one knows the end. When the generous lad has become the solid banker in the late fifties, we know the end too well, and the dew of poetry dries off him. And, to confirm our view of the charm of uncertainty, let this banker's solid state be shaken by a doubt, let it become thinkable that insolvency may knock at his door, even

his, to-morrow, and a kind of poetry re-clothes him. Nay, for that, let it only cross our mind that he is a man all the while as well as a banker, and that one day this man will leave the banker lying, and will go out from his money-bags "naked" into the gulf, no one able to pronounce whither—and how he is at once a figure of romance! Surely "the doubtful doom of human kind" is not worn only as a badge of our low condition. It is a grace as well; it chains, but it crowns us too. And this crown of mortality is at its brightest, while it is worn by the boy, and all things are possible.

Not quite so. Make what one may of the Perhaps, still it is a word of narrow limits for ninety-nine of the master's hundred. It is but the one who will be distinguished; the rest will be no better than their fathers, and what these are you know.

Do I? To me it seems that whatever lives is distinguished; it is a new thing emerged from the featureless deep, a thing which never has been, and never will be again. Distinction is life, written in more letters. He is no fit master of youth who ceases to believe that distinction is the goal of everything that becomes a living soul.

There we have anticipated a second element in the romance of school—the charm bred of the touch of human personality. Where is this touch of personality so constant and so immediate? That is the fact which finds out the master whom Nature did not send to the school, and makes his unhappiness; his woe is that the contact with human lives is too incessant and too close. The same fact makes the drama which delights another. Admit that the natures we touch are immature; still it is the immaturity of that which will be man. And all of the man which is in the boy meets and touches you; the nature fronts you whole. The grown man presents to you one side of him; meets you as the man of business, but will not speak of hearth and home, or makes company for you as guest, but will not open on his profession. He moves on his course, a planet which keeps always

the same face towards you, and will not abide your question as to the further hemisphere. The boy must abide your question, if you put it. It may be unwise to put it; that, however, is an inquiry for the ethic, not the aesthetic, of our subject. But, indeed, without any questioning, the mere daily movement of school life, its round of work, play, discipline, intercourse, makes revolve under the eye, not perhaps all of nature's aspects, but very many of them; what is reserved you can see into, if time and right occasion serve. To no one but you, unless it be here a priest and there a doctor, are lives so laid bare. Immature lives, yes, but how close you see them and how full! All the passions that move humanity look at you out of the windows. All the kinds which Nature fashions are there. The soldier's frank mischief, the staid plainness of the clerk, the scholar grave-faced or "looking elvish;" Jacob with eyes of calculation; oftener and welcomer, Esau, with eyes full of the sun, and the smell of the field upon his raiment; here a countenance with the shadow on it where you may read a prophecy of sorrow, and there the full, merry lips of the faun, with neither prophecy nor remembrance; faces with the seal of the tyrant, or the seal of the villain; furtive eyes, that provoke to discovery; rebel eyes, to conquest; loyal eyes, shy, but with a flash at you under the lids; eyes of aspiration with a spark in them, of repentance, with a tear; beauty, with an illusion, it may be, as elsewhere, for a partial heart; vulgarity too, but even so with rough, homely flavors as of potherb or garlic; and rustically with the smell of the good red earth of which Adam was moulded: last, now and again it is History which fronts you, in features of mass and force, or with the fine graving of race; then once in life, could you but see it, the genius; and once, could you fathom it, the saint.

There are, however, other founts of poetry than that of personality. Man may be the roof and crown of things, but he is not also the floor and basement. A second claim on the Muse is

advanced by Nature. One remembers, indeed, how a generation sated with Pope and convinced by Wordsworth believed the noblest study of mankind was no longer man but Nature, and that the poet was there chiefly to make us descriptions of the landscape: from which error blossomed many paintings by novelist or verse-writers of skies and fields on a fatiguing breadth of canvas; *ingentia rura*, which the reader, like Virgil's wise husbandman, will praise and pass by. We are now again able to perceive that Nature pleases us chiefly as the background of man and his passions. This is why there is for each man just one piece of the physical world which unfailingly holds poetry for him: it is the plot which he calls home. Home has poetry even for the children of prose. It is, we are told, the laws of association which account for this; it is the partiality of memory which strews the glamour on the field and stone and timber of the birthplace. But Association, that handmaid of all work in modern psychology, can be overtaken. I will suggest that our sense of beauty in the home is rather a part of the birth-instinct, the same which discovers to us the beauty in the mother's face. Earth, the first of goddesses, is the mother of us all; but each of us in special knows the mighty mother only by that lap of earth which nursed his beginnings, by the stones piled from her quarries, the timbers that grew from her sod. This is for him his mother's face, and it is beautiful because it is hers and he is her child. Now this romance of home, of whatever stuff it is woven and on whatever loom, has of late been singularly transferred to home's one-time antithesis, the school. Do the critics complain that the natural parent is being robbed of his boy by the professional parent, his master? Let us have the whole of their complaint then. Is not the home robbed as well? Has not the boy's love of the birthplace gone a-straying, and settled on the threshold of his Alma Mater? Perhaps in truth neither parent nor birthplace is robbed at all; love "spreads undivided," or can be learnt abroad to

be used at home. Anyhow it is not our part to stop and do justice here, but only to note the fact. A strange thing has come about, and the imaginative affections of place cluster now where no one would have looked for them half a century ago, and invest with their poetry what to a schoolboy of that time was bleak land of exile. The schoolboy, do I say? But it is not the boy's affections which are here our concern, except when the boy is father to the man, the man who becomes pastor and master in the walls where a few summers earlier he was scholar, or in walls which presently wear for him the same beauty as his own. Ah! friend or stranger, but you know it—this poetry of the affections of place. You know it, for you have rested oars on the broad stream's bosom to see the storied towers stand up from the meadows, a magic air upon their battlements; or from a distant hill you have viewed the spire of your chapel prick up between the elms; or the broad roof of your stately hall has taken the sunshine on it like a shield; or the rich window rises on the steep over the strong, clear mountain river, and you have cried "If I forget thee—" What need to persuade such as you that school has the poetry of home?

One source of the romance of school is left, and it is worth all the rest.

"Valiant warrior, thou who surpassest in beauty the children of men, gird thyself with thy sword upon thy thigh," cried the bishop after the threefold accolade in the young knight's ordination. "Thou who surpassest in beauty." Perhaps there was too often need for the prayer, "God make thee good as thou art beautiful." But to the mode of life which we call chivalry, whatever was its virtue, beauty at any rate cannot be denied. In the school of our days chivalry has flowered again; and that is why the life of school is beautiful.

Recount the tale, in language modern but correct, of a knight's boyhood, and ask yourself if you are not telling the story of your own boy. He is taken at seven years of age from the care of the

women, who yet have already taught him that he must be a gentleman, and he goes with a band of boys of like condition to the house of a noble, or it may be to a hospital founded by a princely patron, and ruled by some approved knight as a school of the gentle life. In either case he changes his natural parent for a parent by profession, for it is prescribed that if his father be a knight, he must be trained "in the service of some other knight." There he gains perhaps some tincture of the arts, the liberal, not the industrial, and spends much of his time in training lungs and muscle, to run, vault, leap, climb and throw. Above all he is made to "fag," and that assiduously, for his elders, and he counts it no dishonor. At times, perhaps, he experiences the rod, and, unlike his village brothers or his peers abroad, thinks no shame of it, knowing that his dignity is safe. There also he is taught to speak the truth, to study fair manners and eat among ladies in hall, to reverence the knightly brotherhood, not to flinch at pain, not to brag, not to take foul advantage of an enemy nor grudge a fair defeat, to stand by leader or comrade to the end, to play up and play the game, though the game be a lost one; and, amid all this, to worship in deed and thought one sovereign lady; though, now I bethink me, your son's ideal queen is no dame of flesh nor a maiden at all, but the Boon Mother of his school brotherhood, and yet not the less a divinity whose name, if tales are true, is able to steal a heart and string an arm in a day of battle.

Yes, it is the knightly life once more, with its virtues and its perversions, with the gallantry, the honor for truth and for hardihood, the brotherliness and the loyalties; and also with the narrownesses, the pride of caste, the soldier's scorn of books and of industry which is not of the open air, as war, the chase, the game; with the cavalier's disproportionate fancy, his postponement of the religious conviction to the class sentiment in which the gentleman is more than the Christian; and with the moral perils which beset a brotherhood which



yet is not a family. But, with its glory and its faults, chivalry it is again, and that is the reason why the life of school has romance.

Some of us, old enough to have been boys when the enthusiasm of the public school was new, can witness that King Arthur's men of the Round Table, rallying about a hero leader, sworn to a venture under him, proud with the consciousness of a cause to be held against the world, were very plain to our understandings, and seemed no fable, or else a fable told of us.

But chivalry, it will be said, is an affair of a class; it is a possible mode of life only for aristocrats; and the public schools, even the greatest, are now democratized. They count their thousands where once their fifties, and these levies are in overwhelming odds from the burgher homes, not the knightly. Yes, but the uses and sentiments of a people are always those of the earlier settlers in the land, and we may be glad that the chivalrous class was in the territory of the school betimes, and able to teach the host of newcomers who have brought their raw vigor and humanity, and alas! also their wealth, into it, that older ideal of the gentle warrior, with a tradition of manners which flower only in homes of leisure, and a standard of rank more delicate than the money-bag. Has it, indeed, been enough noted how those secular foes, militarism and industrialism, which are the modern and preciser names for the codes of the knight and the burgher, are meeting and allying and interchanging gifts in the school of our day? It is a fair alliance when industry and war have kissed each other, when strength has flourished out of the earth of a vigorous nature, and courtesy has looked down from the high places of an old ideal. The severer judges of the public school, who are echoing, if they knew it, the ancient cry of the town against the land, should here acknowledge in the system a fruit they are glad to harvest.

"Vallant warrior, thou who surpassest in beauty the children of men." But where, when all is said, was the beauty

of the warrior? Not in knighthood's trappings and circumstance, the wind in a plume, the spark on a helmet, the sheen and motion of a horse. No; the life chivalrous was beautiful because it was the flowering of a spiritual seed, of a moral idea, the subjection of Self, with her passions and her fears, to a higher order—an order that, for the men of that day, was imaged in the claims of brotherhood, fealty, the gentle life, and truth in love. It is from this unearthliness, this inward glory, which was the vision of the few, but the discipline of the many, that there breathed on chivalry its air of beauty, the "light which never was" on stately panoply, or proud young face of the soldier. Here is the romance of chivalry; and no likeness of habit, social complexion, temper, predilection, between the modern school of letters and the mediæval school of arms, can retain for the one that romance of the other, unless behind the new form burns the old spirit. Does it burn there? The question is momentous. Is our chivalry of the school a true phase of the world-old conflict of "soul at war with sense?" Is the public school a fortress held for the ideal against the earthliness of money, fashion, luxury, selfish competition, sloth, cowardice, dread of pain and all the other forces of materialism? Are we rearing there a knight-errantry fit to keep the marches of an empire, and to purge the land nearer home of wrong, violence, lust? To the gallant old chivalrous watchwords what echoes come back within its walls? By the answer stands or falls the romance of school.

JOHN HUNTLEY SKRINE.

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From The Spectator.  
THE POSITION OF BRITAIN IN THE  
WORLD.

In the remarkable speech in which the under-secretary for war introduced his estimates, Mr. Brodrick made a statement quite *en passant*, and yet with a certain gravity, on which our more thoughtful readers will do well to re-

flect at least for a few moments. The people of the United Kingdom now possess the supreme lordship over eleven millions of square miles of the earth's surface, all of it habitable, much of it thickly inhabited, and some of it richer in potential sources of wealth than any other sections of the globe. That is to say, they own and are responsible for, sometimes in the most direct and painful way, slices of the world *equal in the aggregate to fifty-five times the area of France*, inhabited by a population which, though part of it has never been accurately counted, can hardly in the aggregate be less than a fourth of the whole human race, or if we exclude the continent of Europe, where we now hold only Gibraltar, and the territory of the yellow races, in which we possess only the foothold of birds of passage, very nearly a clear third. Over at least half that area, and at least three-fourths of that population—the proportion is really much greater, the white men outside these islands being as yet a mere fraction of the whole—our power may be roughly described as “absolute”—that is, we can do all that any other irresponsible government could do: can establish, or refuse to establish, any enduring system of law; can tax up to the limit which produces insurrection; can organize as great auxiliary armies as we can pay; and can start, direct, and make effective any system of instruction which we may agree to adopt, and can bribe or coax or compel the people to adopt too. Under such circumstances, is it unreasonable, can it be priggish, ought it even to be wearisome, to ask our readers, so many of whom help to govern the kingdom, to reflect earnestly whether our intellectual strength—we are not speaking for the moment of our physical force, which gains by some annexations, *e.g.*, that of Haussa territory—is not sufficiently mortgaged, whether we ought not deliberately to abstain from taking charge of more subjects, at all events in regions—*e.g.*, the whole of the vast Mongolian region

—where we have not yet begun to undertake the burden, the moral as well as physical burden, of founding an empire? And is it not time to settle broadly, so far as short-sighted human beings may, the principles upon which we intend to proceed in governing this vast aggregate of human beings while they are committed to our charge? There must be such principles, and three of them at least would seem to be clearly outlined by that destiny or Providence which has given to these little and not very fertile islands embedded in the chilly North Atlantic so vast a “sphere of influence.”

(1.) We are bound if we conquer to govern, and not lazily to shirk that task under the pretext, in which none of us believe, that the dark races committed to our charge are ready for self-government. They are not ready, or, with the chasm which we all know to exist between their thoughts and our thoughts, their aspirations and our hopes, their view and our view of the divine order, they would, as they could at any moment, cause us to disappear, as a stratum of wheat grains would disappear in a sieve full of rape seed if the sieve were shaken. There is no power whatever in the hands of those who govern India or Africa, or, for that matter, Spanish America, to resist a general effort of the population to throw the white races out. Until they are ready our duty is to govern, to guide, to train, in short, to rule, as completely and with as little repentance as if we were angels appointed to that task. Doubt upon that point, hesitation upon that point, produces nothing except fear, and with fear disappears the serenity of which alone good government can be born. It follows that we would grant no votes to dark subjects, no initiative in political action, and, except through insurrection, no vetoing power, any more than we would grant such authority to the boys in school. The ruler should consult their opinion assiduously, not to obey it, but as a grand factor towards his comprehension of the

points at which his guidance will be fruitful or the reverse, remembering, however, always, that on certain moral points—as, for instance, infanticide, widow-burning or slavery—the instinct of humanity will always give him the necessary strength. It follows that the rulers of all our subject populations should be chosen much more carefully than we now choose, that to regard such choosings as patronage is very nearly a crime, and that those who, having been chosen, succeed in their task should never be removed until they show symptoms either of weariness or of exhaustion of powers. To talk of a “term” for a man like Lord Cromer, or Sir George Grey, is an affront to the general interest of humanity, as is also too narrow a limitation of his powers. The premier or the colonial secretary should choose as if he were choosing a husband for his daughter, and if the man chosen succeeded, the choice should be very nearly as permanent. There is no time in five years for a real coachman to know his cattle, or how so to drive as to bring out their powers. It follows also that the governing instrument should be a trained service, and one so treated that it is not hungry for gain and regards dismissal as a kind of sentence to civil death.

(2.) The control of dark society should be maintained always in principle, and except during insurrection always in practice, through a régime of law. The writer confesses that in earlier life he thought this an error, and that more could be done for two-thirds of mankind through vigorous despotism; but the watching of years has assured him that this is a mistake, that into every human will caprice will enter, that law is the supreme educating agent, and that to give the agent its full efficacy it should have something of the inflexibility which we perceive in nature. It is difficult in a country like this, governed by law for generations, to bring home the reasons for this belief, but there is one branch of

the subject about which the grand dogma will perhaps be understood. Any fairly extensive system of law, be it English, Roman, Mahommedan or Chinese, will, if honestly carried out—and in a British territory the corruption of a judge should be an unpardonable crime—allow the public fortune to grow almost without limits. All races are industrious if they are sure of their wealth, and except under the rarest circumstances every industrious man produces more than will keep him and his house. India is probably three times as wealthy, and Ceylon twenty times, as either were under native rulers, solely because as regards property, trade and inheritance they have passed under rules of law which, whether wise or unwise—our law of *caveat emptor* works throughout our dark dominion infinite mischief—are practically inflexible. We do not believe that any able financier, or trader, or planter will dispute this proposition, and though it applies only to commercial and property law, it is equally true of the whole duty of citizenship. Any law, if it is only maintained as a law of nature, maintains itself, gradually educates the people, enters into their instinctive morality, and relieves them of one of the greatest of all sources of human evil, the social fear which is always born when mankind is subjected to capricious will. For the formation of a strong society with healthy instincts, and an inherent power of progress, better the Blue Laws of Connecticut than the government of the Antonines or of Lord William Bentinck. Mahommedan law is radically bad in principle, but it is that law, with its imperative obligations, which has kept Mussulman vitality from dying of bad rulers. Lynch Law is the strongest in the world, because behind it is irresistible physical force, but New York prospers as Texas never will till law has asserted its uncontested supremacy.

(3.) And lastly there must be, subject to the action of strong laws stringently carried out by an administration free

from responsibility except to Great Britain, and acting in important matters through white agency alone, a steadily maintained freedom of the individual. Without freedom there can be no progress for the body of the people, no diffusion of wealth, no development either in the general mind, or what is nearly as important, in the habit of voluntary association for the conquest of impediments in the way of social advance. Wholly apart from the doctrine, which, nevertheless, we believe, that it is a crime for a Christian to own a slave, slavery is fatal to social progress, because the rulers of society can never display the higher virtues; to true citizenship, because every freeman becomes necessarily an aristocrat of the bad type; and even to industry, because those who should work hardest become ashamed of labor. The citizens of Rome conquered their world, made slaves by the million, and thenceforward kept themselves alive upon state doles. The single compulsion to work should be the awful one set up by nature, that you will starve if you don't; the single limitation on work should be that it must not unfairly injure another worker. The industry of millions whose earnings are safe will soon make the community rich, as it has done even in the over-populated deltas of China or the swarming villages of Belgium. It is a mere corollary of this broad principle, that freedom is a right, that, subject to the necessity of maintaining public order and one or two rules of morality accepted by the universal conscience, men should be free to say what they like, write what they like, and learn what they like. It is only by free utterance that the foolishness of most utterance is revealed, and that men learn what English politicians learn every day—what of wisdom there may be in the voices of the multitude. There is a good deal, if there is any residuum of truth in the ideas of democracy, and there is some which will slowly increase even when the democracy is black.

If these three principles are maintained, we may yet see an enduring and an advancing society in the vast continents of which we have had the audacity to undertake the rule. If the first is abandoned, that rule, which requires at least three centuries for its full benefits to be felt, will speedily be subverted. If the second is given up, the educative effect of wise rule will be simply *nil*. And if the third is not revered, the ruled will be debased and the rulers demoralized, until the only hope for the world will lie, as it lay at the end of the Roman period, in a vast upheaval of rush from outside, amidst which human society everywhere save in Europe will again be chaos. Three times already because of the neglect of these truths Asia has thrown Europe out, and Africa will be quicker, more bloodthirsty, and more complete in its success.

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From The Speaker.

#### AN ANGLO-AMERICAN ALLIANCE.

Amid all the stormy portents that have filled the sky of late there has been just one rift of blue. The people of this country were agreeably surprised to learn last week that much was being said in New York as to a possible alliance between Great Britain and the United States. The suggestion of such an alliance was said to have come from this side of the Atlantic; but the really important fact was that, instead of being repudiated or treated with scorn in America, it was seriously discussed and heartily welcomed. Now, the English public knows nothing of any such proposal having been made by our government. The foreign office keeps its secrets—only too well sometimes—and Mr. Curzon, when he was questioned on this subject on Monday evening, declined to say anything. For our part, we are scarcely prepared to believe that Lord Salisbury can have been bold enough to make such a proposal as that

which has been discussed in the American press. If he has done so, we believe that the majority of Englishmen will feel that he has deserved well of his country and the world, and most Liberals, at all events, will be inclined to forgive him a great deal for the sake of this wise and statesmanlike act. It is probable, however, that the recent speculations in America are founded upon mere rumors; and that they are due to the very natural feeling of anxiety with which the Americans, like every other sane people, regard the prospect of a possible war. But whatever may be the truth as to the origin of these discussions, the really important fact is the spirit in which they have been carried on in the United States. Nothing more hopeful or inspiring than that spirit has been seen in connection with political affairs for many a long day. We have been accustomed of late to find any question that affected this country treated in a spirit the reverse of friendly on the other side of the Atlantic. No doubt it is true, as we are so often told, that the feeling of unfriendliness towards Great Britain which too frequently finds expression in the American press is not shared by the better portion of the American people. Of that fact, all of us who know anything at all upon the subject must, indeed, be aware. But whilst we have comforted ourselves under demonstrations of American ill-will with this knowledge, we have at the same time been warned by many of our best friends in the United States that there is a large party there animated by a deadly hatred of this country, and that, in certain conceivable circumstances, this party might be able to snatch control of the foreign policy of the republic, and to bring about a war between the two nations.

It is a delightful thing to know that, for the moment at least, this anti-British party in America is not so much silent as active in its support of an Anglo-American agreement. Some of the newspapers which have discussed

most approvingly the idea of an alliance between the two countries are those which were loudest in anti-British demonstrations two years ago. Nowhere, so far as we know, has a word been said against the suggestion that the two great branches of the English race should enter into a friendly union. This seems to us to be a very distinct gain for the cause of peace throughout the world. So far as Englishmen are concerned, it need not be said that their dearest wish is to live on terms of goodwill and friendship with the people of America. In that dark Christmas season of 1895, when we were stunned by the sudden explosion of an unsuspected and inexplicable feeling of hatred towards us in America, no attempt was made on this side of the Atlantic to conceal the true state of our feelings towards our assailants. We were cut to the quick by the thought that a nation towards which we entertained feelings of brotherly affection, and with whom we regarded a serious quarrel as being almost sacrilegious, should have harbored so very different a feeling towards ourselves. In those days, when the peace of the world hung upon a thread, it is satisfactory to know that not a word was uttered in this country that was calculated to inflame the controversy in which we found ourselves so suddenly involved. It was grief and amazement, not rage, that moved us under the storm of hatred which without an instant's warning had swept down upon us from the West. If any Americans imagined that the manner in which we met the direct provocations we then received was due to any lack of national spirit or fibre, they had not long to wait before being undeceived. Hardly had the severest stress of the situation caused by President Cleveland's message been relieved than we found ourselves confronted by a much smaller provocation, offered by a nation much nearer to us, and from a military point of view much more formidable, than the United States. The self-control we had maintained under



the cruel blow we had received from our kinsmen in America disappeared instantly when we found that the German emperor had taken up an attitude of apparent hostility to us. It was by something like a miracle that a war between this country and Germany was then avoided.

The mere remembrance of these facts must convince Americans that there is in this country the most sincere desire for the permanent union of the two nations. For many a year past such a union has been dreamt of and longed for by the best men in both countries. The statesmen of every country know that the close alliance of the British empire and the American republic will furnish the surest of all guarantees for the maintenance of the peace of the world. It will mean more than this, however. It will afford proof that the reign of law and of that individual liberty which finds its best guarantee under the law is not to be extinguished by the caprices of reactionary rulers and governments, but is to be permanently extended for the benefit of all mankind. Is it possible that any statesman, either in England or the United States, can set before himself a nobler object to which to devote the energies of his life than this? Whatever may be the actual state of the relations of the governments of London and Washington with regard to the idea of an Anglo-American agreement, the American people may rest assured that, if

they wish it, the people of Great Britain wish it also. We do not know that a specific alliance to deal with a particular question is the best way of bringing about such an agreement. Formal alliances are too often like leases, they come to an end in time. But a feeling of mutual friendship and confidence, founded upon the sense of kinship in blood, language and ideas, and strengthened by a treaty of arbitration which would practically put an end to the risk of any serious rupture between us, would place both England and the United States beyond the reach of many of the storms which now agitate both countries. We have no wish to ask the Americans to fight our battles, just as we feel convinced that they are far too proud to desire that we should fight theirs. But what we do wish, and what the wise men on both sides must most earnestly desire, is that each nation shall feel that it has in the other a friend, a brother, on whose sympathy it can rely in its time of need. It was well said by an American newspaper last week that there are at least two contingencies in which we may count upon the creation of an Anglo-American alliance. One would be a joint attack upon the United States by the great continental powers, and the other an attempt by the same powers to isolate and humiliate Great Britain. In that sentiment we believe that there is nobody in this country who will not heartily concur.

**A New Life-Belt.**—Swimmers are generally very suspicious with regard to life-belts, for unless these contrivances are well made and properly adjusted they are positively dangerous in use. Some are so bulky that they impede all action. This defect certainly applies to the cork waistcoats adopted by the National Lifeboat Institution, and it will be remembered that in the recent fatal capsizing of a lifeboat at Margate the men had not donned their corks on this very ground. A new kind of belt—known as the Loulton float—is described

and illustrated in a French journal; and it has the appearance of a conger eel with conical ends. Made of sheet rubber, it passes round the neck, across the chest, and round the waist, and can be inflated in one minute by the mouth; and its weight is about one pound. This life-belt or float is flexible, light and easily placed in position. It can be worn without inconvenience, and is designed, among other purposes, for the use of swimming-schools.—*Chambers's Journal.*

# The Living Age.—Supplement.

APRIL 9, 1898.

## READINGS FROM AMERICAN MAGAZINES.

From Scribner's Magazine.  
A DIPLOMATIC MISSION.

The colonel had stopped in his walk, and had been peering eagerly down the leafy path through the garden. "Is that not Zara coming now?" he asked. "Look, your eyes are better than mine."

Barrat rose quickly and the two men walked forward, and bowed with the easy courtesy of old comrades to a tall, fair girl who came hurriedly up the steps. The Countess Zara was a young woman, but one who had stood so long on guard against the world that the strain had told, and her eyes were hard and untrusting, so that she looked much older than she really was. Her life was of two parts. There was little to be told of the first part; she was an English girl who had come from a manufacturing town to study art and live alone in Paris, where she had been too indolent to work, and too brilliant to remain long without companions eager for her society. Through them and the stories of her wit and her beauty she had come to know the King of Messina, and with that meeting the second part of her life began; for she had found something so attractive, either in his title or in the cynical humor of the man himself, that for the last two years she had followed his fortunes, and Miss Muriel Winter, art student, had become the Countess Zara, and an uncrowned queen. She was beautiful, with great masses of yellow hair and wonderful brown eyes. Her manner when she spoke seemed to show that she despised the world and those in it almost as thoroughly as she despised herself.

On the morning of her return from Messina, she wore a blue serge yachting suit with a golf cloak hanging from her

shoulders, and as she crossed the terrace she pulled nervously at her gloves and held out her hand covered with jewels to each of the two men.

"I bring good news," she said, with an excited laugh. "Where is Louis?"

"I will tell his Majesty that you have come. You are most welcome," the baron answered.

But as he turned to the door it opened from the inside and the king came toward them, shivering and blinking his eyes in the bright sunlight. It showed the wrinkles and creases around his mouth and the blue veins under the mottled skin, and the tiny lines at the corners of his little bloodshot eyes that marked the pace at which he had lived as truthfully as the rings on a tree-trunk tell of its quiet growth.

He caught up his long dressing-gown across his chest as though it were a mantle, and with a quick glance to see that there were no other witnesses to his *deshabille*, bent and kissed the woman's hand and taking it in his own stroked it gently.

"My dear Marie," he lisped, "it is like heaven to have you back with us again. We have felt your absence every hour. Pray be seated, and pardon my robe. I saw you through the blinds and could not wait. Tell us the glorious news. The baron's good words I have already overheard; I listened to them with great entertainment while I was dressing. I hoped he would say something discourteous or foolish, but he was quite discreet until he told Erhaupt that he had kept back none of the money. Then I lost interest. Fiction is never so entertaining to me as the truth and real people. But tell us now of your mission and of all you did; and whether success-

ful or not, be assured you are most welcome."

The Countess Zara smiled at him doubtfully and crossed her hands in her lap, glancing anxiously over her shoulder.

"I must be very brief, for Kalonay and Father Paul are close behind me," she said. "They only stopped for a moment at the custom-house. Keep watch, baron, and tell me when you see them coming."

Barrat moved his chair so that it faced the garden-path, the king crossed his legs comfortably and wrapped his padded dressing-robe closer around his slight figure, and Erhaupt stood leaning on the back of his chair with his eyes fixed on the fine, insolent beauty of the woman before them.

She nodded her head toward the soldiers who sat at the entrance to the terrace as silent and immovable as blind beggars before a mosque. "Do they understand?" she asked.

"No," the king assured her. "They understand nothing, but that they are to keep people away from me—and they do it very well. I wish I could import them to Paris to help Niccolás fight off creditors. Continue, we are most impatient."

"We left here last Sunday night, as you know," she said. "We passed Algiers the next morning and arrived off the island at mid-day, anchoring outside in the harbor. We flew the Royal Yacht Squadron's pennant, and an owner's private signal that we invented on the way down. They sent me ashore in a boat, and Kalonay and Father Paul continued on along the southern shore, where they have been making speeches in all the coast towns and exciting the people in favor of the revolution. I heard of them often while I was at the capital, but not from them. The president sent a company of carabinieri to arrest them the very night they returned and smuggled me on board the yacht again. We put off as soon as I came over the side and sailed directly here.

"As soon as I landed on Tuesday I went to the Hôtel de Messina, and sent my card to the president. He is that man Palacelo, the hotel-keeper's son; the man you sent out of the country for writing pamphlets against the monarchy, and who lived in Sicily during his exile. He gave me an audience at once and I told my story. As he knew who I was I explained that I had quarrelled with you, and that I was now prepared to sell him the secrets of an expedition which you were fitting out with the object of re-establishing yourself on the throne. He wouldn't believe that there was any such expedition, and said it was a blackmail and threatened to give me to the police if I did not leave the island in twenty-four hours—he was exceedingly rude. So I showed him receipts for ammunition and rifles and Maxim guns, and copies of the oath of allegiance to the expedition, and papers of the yacht in which she was described as an armored cruiser, and he rapidly grew polite, even humble, and I made him apologize first, and then take me out to luncheon. That was the first day. The second day telegrams began to come in from the coast-towns, saying that the Prince Kalonay and Father Paul were preaching and exciting the people to rebellion, and travelling from town to town in a man-of-war. Then he was frightened. The prince with his popularity in the south was alarming enough, but the prince and Father Superior to help him seemed to mean the end of the Republic.

"I learned while I was down there that the people think that the father put some sort of a ban on every one who had anything to do with driving the Dominican monks out of the island and with the destruction of the monasteries. I don't know whether he did or not, but they believe he did, which is the same thing, and that superstitious little beast, the president, certainly believed it; he attributed everything that had gone wrong on the island to that cause.

Why, if a second cousin of the wife of a brother of one of the men who helped to fire a church falls off his horse and breaks his leg, they say that he is under the curse of the Father Superior, and there are many who believe the Republic will never succeed until Paul returns and the Church is re-established. The government seems to have kept itself well informed about your Majesty's movements, and it has never felt any anxiety that you would attempt to return, and it did not fear the Church partly because it knew that without you the priests could do nothing. But when Paul, whom the common people look upon as a living saint and martyr, returned hand in hand with your man Friday, they were in a panic and felt sure the end had come. So the president called a hasty meeting of his cabinet. And such a cabinet! I wish you could have seen them, Louis, with me in the centre playing on them like an advocate before a jury. They were the most dreadful men I ever met, bourgeois and stupid and ugly to a degree. Two of them were commission merchants, and one of them is old Doctor Gustavanni, who kept the chemist's shop in the Piazza Royale. They were quite silly with fear, and they begged me to tell them how they could avert the fall of the Republic and prevent your landing. And I said that it was entirely a question of money, that if we were paid sufficiently the expedition would not land and we would leave them in peace, but that——"

The king shifted his legs uneasily, and coughed behind his thin, pink fingers.

"That was rather indiscreet, was it not, Marie?" he murmured. "The idea was to make them think that I, at least, was sincere, was not that it? To make it appear that though there were traitors in his camp, the king was in most desperate earnest. If they believe that, you see, it will allow me to raise another expedition as soon as the money we get for this one is gone, but if you have let them know that I am the

one who is selling out, you have killed the goose that lays the golden eggs. They will never believe us when we cry wolf again——"

"You must let me finish," Zara interrupted. "I did not involve you in the least. I said that there were traitors in the camp of whom I was the envoy, and that if they would pay us three hundred thousand francs we would promise to allow the expedition only to leave the yacht. Their troops could then make a show of attacking our landing-party and we would raise the cry of 'treachery' and retreat to the boats. By this we would accomplish two things—we would satisfy those who had contributed funds toward the expedition that we had at least made an honest effort, and your Majesty would be discouraged by such treachery from ever attempting another attack. The money was to be paid two weeks later in Paris, to me or to whoever brings this ring that I wear. The plan we finally agreed upon is this: the yacht is to anchor off Basnal next Thursday night. At high tide, which is just about daybreak, we are to lower our boats and land our men on that long beach to the south of the breakwater. The troops of the Republic are to lie hidden in the rocks until our men have formed. Then they are to fire over their heads and we are to retreat in great confusion, return to the yacht and sail away. Two weeks later they are to pay the money into my hands, or," she added with a smile, as she held up her fourth finger, "to whoever brings this ring. And I need not say that the ring will not leave my finger."

There was a moment's pause, as though the men were waiting to learn if she had more to tell, and then the king threw back his head and laughed softly. He saw Erhaupt's face above his shoulder, filled with the amazement and indignation of a man who as a duellist and as a soldier had shown a certain brute courage, and the king laughed again.

"What do you think of that, colonel?"

he cried, gayly. "They are a noble race, my late subjects."

"Bah," exclaimed the German. "I didn't know we were dealing with a home for old women."

The baron laughed comfortably. "It is like taking money from a blind beggar's hat," he said.

"Why, with two hundred men that I could pick up in London," Erhaupt declared, contemptuously, "I would guarantee to put you on the throne in a fortnight."

"Heaven forbid," exclaimed his Majesty. "So they surrendered as quickly as that, did they?" he asked, nodding toward Madame Zara to continue.

The countess glanced over her shoulder and bit her lips in some chagrin. Her eyes showed her disappointment. "It may seem an easy victory to you," she said, consciously, "but I doubt, knowing all the circumstances, if any of your Majesty's gentlemen could have served you as well. It needed a woman and—"

"It needed a beautiful woman," interrupted the king, quickly, in a tone that he would have used to a spoiled child. "It needed a woman of tact, a woman of courage, a woman among women—the Countess Zara. Do not imagine, Marie, that we undervalue your part. It is their lack of courage that distresses Colonel Erhaupt."

"One of them, it is true, did wish to fight," the countess continued, with a smile. "A Frenchman named Renaud, whom they have put in charge of the army. He scoffed at the whole expedition, but they told him that a foreigner could not understand as they did the danger of the popularity of the Prince Kalonay who, by a speech or two among the shepherds and fishermen, could raise an army."

The king snapped his fingers impatiently.

"An army of brigands and smugglers!" he exclaimed. "That for his

popularity!" But he instantly raised his hands as though in protest at his own warmth of speech and in apology for his outbreak.

"His zeal will ruin us in time. He is deucedly in the way," he continued, in his usual tone of easy cynicism. "We should have let him into our plans from the first, and then if he chose to take no part in them we would at least have had a free hand. As it is now, we have three different people to deceive; this cabinet of shop-keepers, which seems easy enough; Father Paul and his fanatics of the Church party, and this apostle of the divine right of kings, Kalonay. And he and the good father are not fools——"

At these words Madame Zara glanced again toward the garden, and this time with such evident uneasiness in her face that Barrat eyed her with quick suspicion.

"What is it?" he asked, sharply. "There is something you have not told us."

The woman looked at the king, and he nodded his head as though in assent. "I had to tell them who else was in the plot besides myself," she said, speaking rapidly. "I had to give them the name of some man whom they knew would be able to do what I have promised we could do—who could put a stop to the revolution. The name I gave was his—Kalonay's."

Barrat threw himself forward in his chair.

"Kalonay's?" he cried, incredulously. "Kalonay's?" echoed Erhaupt. "What madness, madame. Why name the only one who is sincere?"

"She will explain," said the king, in an uneasy voice; "let her explain. She has acted according to my orders and for the best, but I confess I——"

"Someone had to be sacrificed," returned the woman, boldly, "and why not he?"

From "The King's Jackal." By Richard Harding Davis.



From Harper's Magazine.  
"DOUBLE CONSCIOUSNESS."

All evidence points to the fact that the brain is distinctly a double organ. But I should qualify this assertion by another, to the effect that essentially the superiority of the left hemisphere confers upon us all the attributes of a single personality. Regarded as a mere structure, we certainly possess a double brain. Viewed as an attractive organ in the healthy and normal condition, the brain is essentially a single worker. We may find interesting proof of the correctness of this view in considering the byways of brain action to which I have referred. In the common walks of life we may perhaps discover evidences of this occasional dual action of the brain; but the most pertinent proofs of the brain's duplex work are those observed in connection with the unusual states of mind known as "double consciousness" or "double personality."

A simple illustration of this double personality may be afforded by the consideration of a mental state doubtless familiar to many of my readers. From this simple aberration in the way of brain-work one may pass very naturally to other states of more serious and more typical character, illustrative of the unequal or dissociated action of the two hemispheres of the brain.

When one has gone to visit some place or other to which one is a perfect stranger, there will occasionally come over him a weird feeling of absolute familiarity with the features of the scene. I am not here alluding to instances in which an infantile memory has simply been revived; that is to say, where a person who in his early life has been taken to the place in question has suddenly had his inoperative and dormant memory-cells awakened to the recollection and perception of the scene before him. Nor am I speaking of show-places. It would not be surprising if on visiting, say, Shakespeare's tomb or Ann Hathaway's cottage one should experience a certain sense of fa-

miliarity with the surroundings. That to which I refer is a distinct feeling of consciousness that we have been in the place before; that it is well known to us, even if the recognition of it is also dimly appreciated; and that it is an experience of actual past familiarity with the scene, and not a mere chance recollection of the situation which is present with us. I say such feelings are not uncommon, and they have been alluded to by poets without number, and by prose-writers as well. It seems as if "our life for the moment exists in duplicate, that we have lived through that moment before, and shall again," as Thomas Hardy puts it. This is what Tennyson means when he says:—

Moreover, something is or seems,  
That touches me with mystic gleams,  
Like glimpses of forgotten dreams—

Of something felt, like something here;  
Of something done, I know not where;  
Such as no language may declare.

Rossetti's words attest the same idea:—

I have been here before,  
But when or how I cannot tell;  
I know the grass before the door,  
The keen, sweet smell,  
The sighing sound, the lights around the  
shore.

Dickens, too, in "David Copperfield," speaks of "a feeling which comes over us occasionally of what we are saying or doing having been done in a remote time; of our having been surrounded dim ages ago by the same forces, objects and circumstances; of our knowing perfectly well what will be said next, as if we suddenly remembered it." Out of some such ideas, I dare say, the old doctrine of metempsychosis itself may have arisen; of antecedent states of being, whereof some dim remembrances have become projected into the life that now is. I well remember an elderly lady, who was persistently affected with such phases of mind, arguing with me that it sufficed to establish her in the firm belief that she had been "somebody else" before she became her present self. What is pos-

sible to her may have been possible in the case of the ancients, merely translating an aberrant phase of brain, and translating it erroneously, in terms of the mystical.

In this feeling of ill-defined consciousness, I think, we find merely an illustration of the irregular action of the two hemispheres of the brain. Let us suppose with Wigan that in our natural life we have practically a simultaneous action of the two halves of the brain; or, what amounts to the same thing, let us imagine that the left half of the brain, attuned in its action to the work of the right hemisphere, gives us normal perceptions, and enables us to draw normal and correct conclusions. Then, on visiting an absolutely strange place, we experience no such sense of past familiarity with it. Our consciousness exercises its functions properly and sedately, and we know the scene to be new and unfamiliar to us. But suppose, on the other hand, that one hemisphere of the brain acts ever so slightly out of time with the other lobe; what will be the result? The more active half—let us presume the left—will rapidly take in all our surroundings independently of the other hemisphere, so that when the latter has, independently in its turn, also viewed and appreciated the scene before it, it is confronted with a consciousness already ours in virtue of the quicker action of the left lobe. We have in this way acquired a double consciousness of what is seen, and the first intelligence is the cause of the sense of familiarity to the second.

From this relatively trivial byway of brain action we may advance to more serious phases. I may presume that, as often as not, the most typical cases of double personality are associated with some form or other of nervous disorder. Epilepsy, for instance, in a mild form, is often responsible, I believe, for such manifestations of unequal action of the brain hemispheres. A person, the subject of the minor degree of epilepsy called *petit mal*, may

suddenly stop for a second or two on the street, lose consciousness for that second, and then resume his conversation as if nothing had happened. It is not improbable that cases of somnambulism, and specially those in which an amount of apparent intelligence is witnessed in the performance of certain purposive acts by the sleeping individual, may be explained similarly—on the activity of one half of the brain, while the other half is practically asleep and inhibited in its action. As evincing the extraordinary stimulus which these abnormal brain states may confer on the subjects thereof, I may quote the instance given by Dr. Hughlings Jackson of a servant-girl who, in describing her seizures of epileptic nature, told him that it seemed to her as if everything that occurred to her in her childhood came back to her, but that everything passed so quickly and was so soon gone that she could not describe it. The analogy between this girl's case and the false sense of familiarity of which I have spoken is certainly remarkable. It teaches us how thin is the boundary-line which may be drawn between a slight and temporary derangement and a grave malady of the brain.

From "Some Byways of the Brain." By Andrew Wilson, M. D.

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From The Cosmopolitan.  
HIS BIRTHRIGHT.

Christian paused, and then added abruptly: "I have not put the question direct before—but it is really the case that I am to succeed my grandfather—to be duke of Glastonbury, is it not?"

"Yes," answered Emanuel, gravely. "That is the case."

"Lord Julius told me to ask you everything," Christian went on, as if to defend his curiosity. "But, grand Dieu! there is so much to ask! Shall I be a rich man, also? There are dukes in France who can scarcely give a dinner

to a friend—and in Italy who are often in doubt about even their own dinners. I understand that English dukes are different—but it has been said to me that my grandfather, for example, is not a rich man. He would be rich, no doubt, in some other station, but as a duke he is poor. Shall I also be poor?"

Emanuel smiled, more, it seemed, to himself than for the benefit of the young man. With musing deliberation he took from his pocket a little oblong book with flexible covers. "Have you ever owned a check-book?" he asked drily.

Christian shook his head.

"Well, this is yours. It came from London this morning. I have written here on the back of the first check, on the part that remains in the book, these figures. They show what the bank holds at your disposal at the present moment."

Christian took the book, and stared with awe at the figures indicated. "Three thousand pounds! That is to say, seventy-five thousand francs! But—I do not understand. What portion is this of my entire fortune? There is more besides—to come at some future period—*n'est ce pas?*"

The sum itself had seemed at first glance to be of bewildering dimensions. Soberer second thoughts, however, told him that he had been lifted into a social stratum where such an amount might easily come and go a number of times during one's life.

"Well," Emanuel began, hesitating in turn over his phrases, "strictly speaking, you have no fortune at all. This money has been placed to your credit by my father—or if you like, by us both—to put you in a position of independence for the time being. You are quite free to spend it as you like. But—this is a somewhat delicate matter to explain—but we look to you in turn to be more or less guided by us in, say, your mode of life, your choice of associates and—and so on. Don't think that we wish in the least to hamper your individual freedom. I am sure you will feel that that is not our way. But we have formed very high hopes indeed for your career and—how shall I make you

understand?—it rests a good deal with us to say how far the realization of these hopes warrants us in going on. That isn't plain to you, I see. Well, to put it frankly, you have nothing of your own, but we turn our money over to you because we believe in you. If unhappily—let us suppose the very improbable case—we should find ourselves no longer believing in you, why, then we should feel free to reconsider our financial responsibilities toward you. That is stating it very baldly—not at all as I should like to have put it—but it gives you the essence of the situation."

They had paused, and Christian regarded him with a troubled face. "Then if you come not to like me, or if I make mistakes, you take everything away from me again? I have never heard of a system like that. It seems to place me in a very strange position."

The youth's mobile countenance expressed such wistful dejection, as he faltered out these words, that Emanuel hastened to reassure him.

"No, no," he urged, putting a brotherly hand on his shoulder, "it is the fault entirely of the way I explained it. No one will ever take anything away from you. In all human probability you will live and die a wealthy and powerful nobleman—and perhaps something a good deal more than that. But let me show you the situation in another way. You have seen your grandfather—so I need say little about him. When he had reached the age of fifty or thereabouts he had come to the end of his resources. Since the estates were entailed, nothing could be sold or mortgaged, and debts of all sorts were crowding in upon him and his oldest son, Lord Porlock. They were at their wits' ends to keep going at all; Porlock could not hold his head up in London, much less marry, as he was expected to do. If it had not been for the invention of life insurance, they could hardly have found money to live from week to week. That was in 1858 or '9, when I was two or three years old. It was then that my father adopted his policy toward the older branch of the family. As you perhaps know, he was a very rich man. He

came forward at this juncture, and saved the duke and his household from ruin."

"That was very noble of him. It is what I should have thought he would do," interposed Christian. They had begun walking again.

"Oh, I don't know that noble is quite the word," said Emanuel. "The element of generosity was not very conspicuous in the transaction. The truth is that the duke and his son were not people that one could be generous to. They had to be bound to a hard-and-fast bargain. They agreed between them to break the entail, so that all the estates could be dealt with as was deemed best, and bound themselves to sell or mortgage nothing except to my father, unless with his consent. He on his side settled seventy thousand pounds on Porlock and his heirs, thus enabling him to marry, and he not only purchased from the duke the Somerset properties, of which this is a part, but he bought up his debts at the sacrifice of a good many thousands of pounds, so that in practice he became his brother's only creditor. No doubt there *was* generosity in that—since he cut down the rate of interest to something almost nominal by comparison with the usury that had been going on—but his motive was practical enough. It was to get complete financial mastery of the family estates. Nearly forty years have passed since he began; to-day he holds mortgages on practically every acre. If it were not for the mine near Coalbrook, which latterly yields the duke a certain surplus over the outlay at Caermere, my father would probably own it all outright. Well, you have followed it so far, haven't you?"

Christian thoughtfully nodded his head. "These are not affairs that I have been brought up to understand," he commented, "but I think I comprehend. Only this—you speak of your father's adopted policy; that means that he has a purpose—an aim. The lady at the Castle—Lady Cressage—spoke to me about this, and I wish—"

"Ah, yes, you met her," interrupted Emanuel. "I am not sure that she was

the one best fitted to expound our policy to you."

"Oh, she was very sympathetic," the young man hastened to insist. "She had the warmest praises for both you and your father. And I could not but feel that she wished me well, too."

Emanuel made no immediate reply, but walked slowly along, revolving silent thoughts, with a far-away, deliberative look in his eyes. When he spoke at last, it was to revert with abruptness to the earlier topic. "The policy, as we are calling it," he said, "can be put in a nutshell. We take that kind of pride in the family which impels us to resolve that, if we cannot induce it to do great things, we will at least prevent it doing base things. The position which your grandfather inherited was one of remarkable opportunities, and also of exceptional responsibilities. He was unfit to do anything with the opportunities, and as for the responsibilities, he regarded them only with ignorant contempt. His immediate heirs were very little better. It became a problem with us, therefore, how best to limit their power for harm. Money was the one force they could understand and respect, and we have used it accordingly. I say 'we' because, as the situation has gradually developed itself, it is hard to say which part of it is my father's and which mine—and still more impossible to imagine what either of us would have done independently of my mother. I will tell you more about her some time. It was she, of course, who brought the money to us, but she brought much else besides. However, we will not enter upon that at the moment. Well, suddenly, last summer, the deaths changed everything. Up to that time, what we had been doing had had, so to speak, only a negative purpose. We had been keeping unfit people from parading their unfitness in too scandalously public a fashion. But all at once the possibility of doing something positive—something which might be very fine indeed—was opened up before us. As you know now, we were aware of your existence, but there were inquiries to be made as to

—well, as to the formal validity of your claim. After that, there was some slight delay in tracing your whereabouts—but now you are here, at last.”

“Now I am here, at last!” Christian repeated softly. He looked up into the sky; somewhere from the blue an invisible lark filled the air with its bubbling song. He drew a long breath of amazed content, then turned to his companion.

“That men like you and your father should be making plans and sacrifices for one like myself,” he said—“it is hard for me to realize it. There is nothing for me to say but this—that I will spare no thought or labor to be what you want me to be. And you will make it all clear to me, will you not? In every detail what it is that I am to do?”

“On the land that you see before you,” Emanuel went on, “in one capacity or another, nearly two thousand human beings have homes. On your grandfather’s estates there must be nearly if not quite ten times that number. Think what this means. You will be in a position to affect the prosperity, the happiness, the well-being, body and soul, of fifteen or twenty thousand people. It is a little nation—a small kingdom—of which you will be the head.”

The young man turned slowly and forced himself to look out upon the deep, but still said nothing.

“This position you may make much of, or little, or worse than nothing at all,” the other continued. “It is a simple enough matter to put the work and the responsibility upon other shoulders, if you choose to do it. Many very respectable men born to such positions do wash their hands of the worry and labor in just that fashion. They lead idle lives, they amuse themselves, they take all that is yielded to them and give nothing in return—and because they avoid open grossness and scandal their behavior attracts no particular attention. In fact, it is quite taken for granted that they have done the natural thing. Being born to leisure, why should they toil? Possessing the title to wealth and dominion and the deference

of those about them, why should they be expected to go to work and earn these things which they already own? That is the public view. Mine is very different. I hold that a man who has been born to a position of power among his fellows, and neglects the duties of that position while he accepts its rewards, is disgraced. It is as dishonest as any action for which less fortunate persons go to prison.”

“Yes, that is my feeling, also,” said Christian in low, earnest tones. “It’s all true—but—”

From “*Gloria Mundi*.” By Harold Frederic.

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From The Review of Reviews.  
THE SECRET OF INTERNATIONAL  
FRIENDSHIP.

Study—this is the true secret of international friendship; ignorance maintains prejudices; study alone expels them.

In order to understand a country it is not enough to see it live; its present state must be compared with its recent past. A nation is an eternal invalid; there is not one which is not ill, which has not some ulcer of a more or less dangerous nature. But that which it is most important of all to know is, what is the course of its malady. One must decide whether the disease is inclined to increase or whether, on the contrary, it is on the way to a cure. Do not hope to know this until you yourself have compared yesterday and to-day. For this, history is indispensable, and especially the political history of the present century. In my opinion it is almost impossible to understand a modern country if one is not acquainted with its political history for a period of the past eighty years; and I would like to say that it is regrettable that one should visit a country before he has made such a study. The English are sometimes great travellers and sometimes very sedentary. I have known some who were admirably well acquainted with France, and that almost without having seen it, and others who have traversed it repeatedly and



knew almost nothing about it. The former were not always intellectually superior to the latter, but they had acquired the habit when they read their newspapers of never passing over anything which concerned France without pausing, without meditating upon it, and especially without finding out what the French themselves thought about it. This is the proper manner of judging things. One cannot understand, for example, the movement which is about to thrust Norway out of her union with Sweden if he does not study this movement from its origin, and if he knows nothing of the phases through which it has passed since the Swedish-Norwegian kingdom was constituted. For my part, I have reached the point where I always try to get outside of myself, in a way, when I have to judge an international question. I say to myself: "What would I think about Cecil Rhodes if I were an Englishman? What would be my opinion on India if I were a Russian? What would I desire in the East if I were a Hungarian? What would be my colonial ideas if I were a German?" And I think that in our modern world this manner of forming one's judgment is the only one which affords any chance of arriving at the truth, and consequently of doing any good.

If I may be permitted to allude again to my personal experiences, I will confess that I have often been vexed with the Americans, in spite of the very profound affection which I cherish for them, when I have heard them—not in the East, where they know more about it, but in the West—speak of France in terms which showed so complete an ignorance of her present state, such an absolute lack of intelligence as to her ambitions and her efforts. But getting angry leads to nothing, not to mention that in my case when it is a question of the United States the irritation never lasts long. I love that country too passionately. Therefore I was anxious to understand the cause of this ignorance, and I discov-

ered it without difficulty by studying the history of the United States. There I found that after the service rendered in the beginning, France had completely lost her interest in the United States, and sent them none of her great men, had in nowise aided them in their literary or artistic development, had often displayed for them an impolitic disdain, and had even very stupidly irritated them by her proceedings in Mexico and her attitude during the war of secession. On the other hand, I discovered several wrongs on the part of the Americans—of their historians, for example, many of whom have aided in disseminating false ideas about my country and making statements which they would not have been able to prove. What is the use of dwelling on the past unless with a view to making amends for it? Then it was that I set myself the task of bringing together France and America in an intellectual reconciliation. Progress is rapid. Here are eminent lecturers crossing the ocean to speak in the American universities, in whose very existence they were hardly willing to believe ten years ago? I am convinced that before long I shall have succeeded in getting the French to study the history of the United States, as I shall have led the students of the principal American universities to study the history of modern France. But this result will be due to the interchange of ideas, and not to an exchange of persons. The American colony in Paris is composed of gentlemen and ladies who are very agreeable to meet and whose elegance and grace are greatly appreciated by us. Nevertheless, if they were less numerous the Parisians would have fewer false ideas about the United States, and I am afraid that the majority of the Frenchmen who reside in America have contributed a great deal toward giving the people there a bad idea of France.

Therefore my conclusions are very clear. In order that cosmopolitan life should beget international friendliness, that life must be intellectual, not ma-

terial. The fact that people live in a foreign country does not banish their prejudices against that country, and very often, on the contrary, it gives rise to new ones. And as for the society which, by reason of its customary existence, gets called cosmopolitan society, it is generally not greatly to be recommended. It displays many vices, much corruption, and it is not even of use to serve as a link between the different countries. One gains nothing by contact with it; it can teach you nothing; it is not good for anything. Properly speaking, cosmopolitanism suits those people who have no country, while internationalism should be the state of mind of those who love their country above all, who seek to draw to it the friendship of foreigners by professing for the countries of those foreigners an intelligent and enlightened sympathy.

From "Does Cosmopolitan Life Lead to International Friendliness?" By Baron Pierre de Coubertin.

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From The Atlantic Monthly.  
FARMING IN FLORIDA.

There are, I dare say, keener delights than the cultivation of cabbages and cauliflowers, yet I am not sure of it, as I recall the fascination of pottering in the brown earth and taking a hand in its miracles—not with the languid sense of the sedentary man, to whom a cabbage is merely a cabbage, but with faculties quickened by fresh air and good blood, and a pocket modestly sanguine. For the cabbage and the cauliflower and most things that grow in a pot-garden are but little known to him who sees them only in the pot or on the plate. To see them thus is to know them in their death, and the man who merely assists at their obsequies and inters them stolidly in his belly has as small notion of them as the citizen digesting a meadow lark may have of the carol in the grasses and the flash of the wings. If he have a soul, and an eye which is more than an optical conven-

ience, the gardener will walk among his vegetables with a joy beyond the smacking of lips. He will see a country-lass-like comeliness in the lusty leaves of his cabbages, and thump their green polls as he might fondle a cheek. He will gaze tenderly into the white faces of his cauliflowers, as with pinned leaves he wimples them from the sun.

Pleasant it was to sow seeds; pleasant, also, in the late afternoon, to sprinkle the young plants with a rain of clattering drops. Farley and I would oftenest do this by ourselves, our heads, necks and forearms bared to the soft wind, our legs naked above the knees for the lake-wading. It was an outward trip, with the empty watering-cans swinging, the feet first in the cushiony plough-land, and then on the firm beach and in among the netting sunbeams of the margin; the eyes on the vast slumbrous level, melting to violet in the offing. It was an inward trip, with the muscles stiffened to the burden, the legs and arms cooled by the dip, and the eyes on the curtain of pines, taking redness of the low sun. Forth and back, forth and back, each turn a change in the deepening color, perhaps till the sun was gone, and the silver of the moon was in the long ripple and the brimming cans. To walk to and fro with the watering-cans and whistle in the twilight—this truly was a wage of the day, if it had been wearisome and parching; for the heat and cares of it were done, and here was its quintessence in the commerce with calm beauty and the fluting of mellow notes—mellow notes for the maker, although a sorry enough sibilation in others' ears, if they had listened; for the whistler whistles to kindle his fancy, and wakens fairy flutes and horns, unheard by others, with the thin piping of his lips.

The sun shot a milder and more oblique ray as the autumn waned, and the evenings grew chill enough for a hearth-fire of pine-knots. But the cauliflower and cabbage plants thrived with the copious dews, and in November and

December we set them out in the field. The transplanting on a large scale was novel to us, but a system was soon developed, and the work took a military method. A little force of hired hands was marshaled as the sun began to decline. One hauled water and filled casks deposited about the field; another drew the marker and cross-marker; others uprooted plants from the beds. When the sun was an hour or so from the lake-rim, the plant-droppers went ahead, like skirmishers, the main transplanting body followed with flourishing trowels, and the waterer brought up the rear. Finally, the whole force turned about and filled the watering holes with a motion of the feet.

By the middle of December the fields bristled with thrifty growth. The soil had been made fat with muck from the marshes composted with mineral plant-foods. The cauliflowers shot up with extraordinary vigor; their leaves rustled like crisp silk and drenched us with dew to the waist as we walked the rows in a search for heads. At last creamy buds appeared here and there at the hearts of the plants. Shipments began in January. The heads were cut late in the day, when the air had cooled. After supper, Farley, Rufus and I would hang lanterns in the packing-house, and labor till the evening harvest was disposed of. The heads were neatly trimmed of leaves, mopped to remove vestiges of dew, covered with white paper, and closely packed in crates or ventilated barrels. Sometimes the work would be over by midnight. Often the morning sun would be scarlet on the pines as we marked the last barrels. The loads went off early to avoid the noon heat, and were dispatched from Osseoyo City by express.

The epicure garnishing his midwinter meal with cauliflower guesses little of the sedulous labors that purvey it for his palate. I once sat near such an one in a New York restaurant, and saw him fastidiously degust the tender flowers and growl at their costliness. "It's

shameful, simply shameful!" he declared. "The growers must be a parcel of robbers!" And he glanced at me as much as to say, "You feel with me, I'm sure." But I did not. I looked at his smug cheeks and gluttonous lips, at his soft hands and bulging waistcoat, and wished that he might earn his tidbits in the sun. "Sir," I thought, "you are deficient in imagination; you reason hastily upon abstruse matters. The gentle cauliflower is unvengeful, but there is indigestion in it unless it be genially absorbed. You are gazing on a purveyor unaware. He wishes you no ill, but he is just. He mildly disagrees with you—and prays that the cauliflower may do likewise."

From "A Florida Farm." By F. Whitmore.

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From Lippincott's Magazine.  
NEAR AND FAR.

The air is full of perfume and the promise  
of the spring;  
From wintry mould the dainty blossoms  
come;  
There's not a bird in all the boughs but's  
eager now to sing,  
And from afar a ship is sailing home.

The cherry-blooms, all lightly blown  
about the verdant sward,  
With silver fleck the dandelion's gold.  
The jasmine and arbutus breathe the fragrance  
they have stored,  
The crumpled ferns, like fairy-tents, unfold.

And low the rills are laughing, and the  
rivers in the sun  
Are gliding on, impatient for the sea.  
The wintry days are past and gone, the  
summer is begun,  
And love from far is sailing home to  
me.

Ah, blessed spring! How far more sweet  
than any spring of yore!  
No note of all thy harmonies is dumb,  
With thee my heart awakes to hope and  
happiness once more,  
And from afar a ship is sailing home.  
By Florence Earle Coates.

## READINGS FROM NEW BOOKS.

### CHRISTINA ROSSETTI AT HOME.

I shall never forget Christina Rossetti's appearance when first I called upon her. She gave me the impression of being tall. I thought then, as I do still, that none of her portraits sufficiently indicate the commanding breadth of her brow. She looked unquestionably a woman of genius, and it is not every woman or man of genius that so looks. Her voice attracted me at once; never before had I heard such a voice. It was intensely musical, but its indefinable charm arose not alone from that cause; it arose in a large measure from what Mr. Watts-Dunton has aptly called her "clear-cut method of syllabification"—a peculiarity which he thinks, no doubt rightly, attributable to her foreign lineage. Indications of her foreign lineage were very noticeable on the occasion I am describing. Not, of course, that it was discernible in accent, nor even in mere tone or inflection of voice; certainly it was not markedly observable either in her modes of speech or in her ideas. It was something assuredly there, but like many of the things we perceive with life's subtler perceptions, it eluded precise definition. Perhaps the nearest approach to an illustration of my meaning would be to say that the effect produced was as though a highly-educated foreigner, thoroughly acquainted with the grammar of the English language, were to speak English, and continue to do so for years, although English was not his mother tongue. No one, I think, can fully understand Christina's many-sided personality without taking into account that foreign origin, and there can be no doubt that under some circumstances the blending of races has much to do with the possession of certain gifts.

Demurely attired in a black silk dress, she wore no ornaments of any sort, and the prevailing sombre tint was only relieved by some simple white frilling at the throat and wrists. Her hair, still abundant, had by this time a hue which

was almost black, and the intermingled grey strands, though visible, were not conspicuous. Her cap, of some dark material, was extremely plain and unobtrusive.

It has often struck me that one of the great tests of genius is whether the speaker or writer deals with ordinary subjects in such a manner as to reveal his or her own personality. For both in literature and conversation the manner is much. And if this be true, then both on the day to which I am at present alluding, and on every subsequent occasion when I saw her, Christina Rossetti talked like a woman of genius. Naturally at our first meeting the conversation was on ordinary subjects. Yet it still lives with me because of her incomparable manner and the distinction of her phraseology. I may add that she conversed in that calm, measured way which, I fancy, often conceals real shyness. In Mr. Sharp's able article before referred to he describes vividly his first meeting with her at an earlier date than that to which I allude:—

In some ways she reminded me of Mrs. Craik, the author of "John Halifax, Gentleman;" that is, in the Quaker-like simplicity of her dress, and the extreme and almost demure plainness of the material, with, in her mien, something of that serene passivity which has always a charm of its own. She was so pale as to suggest anæmia, though there was a bright and alert look in her large and expressive azure-grey eyes, a color which often deepened to a dark, shadowy, velvety grey; and though many lines were imprinted on her features, the contours were smooth and young. Her hair, once a rich brown, now looked dark, and was thickly threaded with solitary white hairs, rather than sheaves of grey. She was about the medium height of women, though at the time I thought her considerably shorter. With all her quietude of manner and self-possession there was a certain perturbation from this meeting with a stranger, though one so young and unknown. I noted the quick, alighting glance, its swift withdrawal; also the

restless, intermittent. fingering of the long, thin, double watch-guard of linked gold which hung from below the one piece of color she wore, a quaint, old-fashioned bow of mauve or pale purple ribbon, fastening a white frill at the neck.

Mr. Theodore Watts-Dunton has well said about Christina that she spoke of wild animals "sometimes as though they were human beings and sometimes as though they were fairies." Indeed, there is no doubt that her attitude towards animals had something very remarkable in it. I think she had a predilection for all animals—even mice not being thought of with disfavor. But any animal which was closely associated with her seemed to be viewed, in some sense, as a friend by her. She was much attached to "Muff," her cat, and when she found that I was not unsympathetic in this matter she talked to me a good deal respecting "Muff's" habits, revealing keen observation in everything she said. She was gratified when I saluted "Muff," and used to exclaim: "How condescending you are to that pussy." Once she remarked: "Like ourselves, creatures have their friends."

I remember that Christina once said to me in her gentle way, "Perhaps you go into the country in August to kill something?"

"I never go into the country to kill anything," I answered.

I shall not cease to remember what pleasure she showed in my avowal. It was as though she had been inclined to take back the gift of her friendship had she found that I really went "into the country to kill something," and was relieved to find that she was not obliged to do so.

Number Thirty, Torrington Square, Bloomsbury, where Christina had lived since 1876, in no wise differed in external aspect from many thousands of other houses in the same part of London. Torrington Square is really oblong in shape, and according to Mr. Sharp, Dante Gabriel used to call it "Torrington Oblong." Probably the ordinary dull-colored clay bricks used for so many London houses were employed for the erection of Christina's

house. But Time, weather and soot had so completely done their work that it was impossible to know precisely what the original color had been. The house, of three stories above the ground floor, appeared even higher than it was on account of its narrowness. The small windows were of a usual shape. The front door, slightly raised above the level of the square, was approached by stone steps. There was the inevitable area, and the hardly less inevitable veranda, opening from the first floor.

I have always felt that when houses are inhabited by persons of marked idiosyncrasy, or it may be of genius, they acquire in some inexplicable way some of the characteristics of their occupants. And in using the word characteristics, I mean something far more subtle and indefinable in words than can be brought about by any mere material arrangements which are, of course, entirely dictated by the convenience or by the caprice of the inhabitants. And never has this feeling come upon me more strongly than in respect to Christina Rossetti's residence. About much of her best work there is a quietude, a controlled and well-ordered sadness (gloom would not be the correct term), and I trust I shall not be deemed unduly fanciful when I say that I seemed to feel a like atmosphere whenever I entered her abode. I forgot the prosaic character of my external surroundings; I forgot the whirl of the streets; I forgot even the comparative lack of silence in the square itself. I seemed to have passed into an atmosphere of rest and peace.

Her work, with all its noble, its unsurpassed qualities, with all its faults, too, was her own. It was original, it was unborrowed. She was too great a writer even to be "bookish." Her impulse to write was spontaneous, it came from the depths of her own soul, it was not derived even in the most perfectly justifiable and noblest sense from the achievements of others. Hence it was, probably, that though none valued really great books more than she, books were not conspicuous in her home. She did not require them as tools. She had



no room set apart and arranged for a study. I am told by an intimate friend that in her mother's lifetime she did much of her writing—wrote many of her lovely poems descriptive of nature—in the small upper back bedroom whose only outlook was to the tall, dingy walls of adjacent houses. Afterwards, as Mr. W. M. Rossetti informs me, she wrote whatever she wrote in her drawing-room. In truth her inner vision was so keen that she was well-nigh independent of external influences.

She was always reticent respecting her habits of work or methods of composition, and even to her intimate friends sought to avoid reference even to her published work. Rarely has there been an instance of high poetic genius so spontaneous in character. As will be seen by examples I cite in subsequent chapters, she did occasionally recast passages. Nevertheless, the statement about her work which I am about to quote from Mr. Glendinning Nash, her friend and clergyman, is substantially correct. Mr. Nash says in a private letter to me, which I am permitted to quote:—

Christina Rossetti told me that there were times when the power to write had apparently passed away, and at others she wrote for hours with no mental effort or fatigue. The poetic flow was spontaneous, and often she wrote on themes which she had not previously decided to write on. She seldom revised her work.

Her brother William has himself written about her in this connection:—

Christina's habits of composition were eminently of a spontaneous kind. I question whether she ever once deliberated with herself whether or not she would write something or other, and then, having thought out a subject, proceeded to treat it in regular spells of work. Instead of this, something impelled her feelings, or "came into her head," and her hand obeyed the dictation. I suppose she scribbled the lines off rapidly enough, and afterwards took whatever amount of pain she deemed requisite for keeping them right in form and expression—for she was quite conscious that a poem demands to

be good in execution, as well as genuine in impulse; but (strange as it may seem to say of a sister who, up to the year 1876, was almost constantly in the same house with me) I cannot remember ever seeing her in the act of composition. (I take no count here of the *bouts rimés* sonnets of 1848.) She consulted nobody, and solicited no advice, though it is true that with regard to her published volumes—at any rate the first two of them—my brother volunteered to point out what seemed well adapted for insertion, and what the reverse, and he found her a very willing recipient of his monitions.

Since Christina's death Mr. Shields has told me that he thinks, before she wrote a poem, she shut her eyes, and called up all the scene—especially the material objects in it.

From "Christina Rossetti: A Biographical and Critical Study," By Mackenzie Bell. Roberts Brothers, Publishers. Price \$2.50.

#### AN APPARITION.

Suddenly, rising apparently from the ground before him, Dick saw the high roof-ridges and *tourelles* of a long, irregular, gloomy building. A few steps further showed him that it lay in a cup-like depression of the forest, and that it was still a long descent from where he had wandered to where it stood in the gathering darkness. His mustang was moving with great difficulty; he uncoiled his lariat from the saddle-horn, and, selecting the most open space, tied one end to the trunk of a large tree—the forty feet of horse-hair rope giving the animal a sufficient degree of grazing freedom.

Then he strode more quickly down the forest side towards the building, which now revealed its austere proportions, though Dick could see that they were mitigated by a strange, formal flower-garden, with quaint statues and fountains. There were grim, black allées of clipped trees, a curiously wrought iron gate and twisted iron espaliers. On one side the edifice was

supported by a great stone terrace, which seemed to him as broad as a Parisian boulevard. Yet everywhere it appeared sleeping in the desertion and silence of the summer twilight. The evening breeze swayed the lace curtains at the tall windows, but nothing else moved. To the unsophisticated Western man it looked like a scene on the stage.

His progress was, however, presently checked by the first sight of preservation he had met in the forest—a thick hedge, which interfered between him and a sloping lawn beyond. It was up to his waist, yet he began to break his way through it, when suddenly he was arrested by the sound of voices. Before him, on the lawn, a man and woman, evidently servants, were slowly advancing, peering into the shadows of the wood which he had just left. He could not understand what they were saying, but he was about to speak and indicate by signs his desire to find the road when the woman, turning towards her companion, caught sight of his face and shoulders above the hedge. To his surprise and consternation, he saw the color drop out of her fresh cheeks, her round eyes fix in their sockets, and with a despairing shriek she turned and fled towards the house. The man turned at his companion's cry, gave the same horrified glance at Dick's face, uttered a hoarse "*Sacré!*" crossed himself violently, and fled also.

Amazed, indignant, and for the first time in his life humiliated, Dick gazed speechlessly after them. The man, of course, was a sneaking coward; but the woman was rather pretty. It had not been Dick's experience to have women run from him! Should he follow them, knock the silly fellow's head against a tree, and demand an explanation? Alas, he knew not the language! They had already reached the house and disappeared in one of the offices. Well! let them go—for a mean, "low down" pair of country bumpkins!—he wanted no favors from them!

He turned back angrily into the forest

to seek his unlucky beast. The gurgling of water fell on his ear; hard by was a spring, where at least he could water the mustang. He stooped to examine it; there was yet light enough in the sunset sky to throw back from that little mirror the reflection of his thin, oval face, his long, curling hair, and his pointed beard and mustache. Yes! this was his face—the face that many women in Paris had agreed was romantic and picturesque. Had those wretched greenhorns never seen a real man before? Were they idiots, or insane? A sudden recollection of the silence and seclusion of the building suggested certainly an asylum—but where were the keepers?

It was getting darker in the wood; he made haste to recover his horse, to drag it to the spring, and there bathe its shoulder in the water mixed with whiskey taken from his flask. His saddle-bag contained enough bread and meat for his own supper; he would camp for the night where he was, and with the first light of dawn make his way back through the wood whence he came. As the light slowly faded from the wood he rolled himself in his saddle-blanket and lay down.

But not to sleep. His strange position, the accident to his horse, an unusual irritation over the incident of the frightened servants—trivial as it might have been to any other man—and, above all, an increasing childish curiosity, kept him awake and restless. Presently he could see also that it was growing lighter beyond the edge of the wood, and that the rays of a young crescent moon, while it plunged the forest into darkness and impassable shadow, evidently was illuminating the hollow below. He threw aside his blanket, and made his way to the hedge again. He was right; he could see the quaint, formal lines of the old garden more distinctly—the broad terrace, the queer, dark bulk of the house, with lights now gleaming from a few of its open windows.

Before one of these windows opening

on the terrace was a small, white, draped table with fruits, cups and glasses, and two or three chairs. As he gazed curiously at these new signs of life and occupation, he became aware of a regular and monotonous tap upon the stone flags of the terrace. Suddenly he saw three figures slowly turn the corner of the terrace at the further end of the building, and walk towards the table. The central figure was that of an elderly woman, yet tall and stately in carriage, walking with a stick, whose regular tap he had heard, supported on the one side by an elderly curé in black *soutaine*, and on the other by a tall and slender girl in white.

They walked leisurely to the other end of the terrace, as if performing a regular exercise, and returned, stopping before the open French window; where, after remaining in conversation for a few moments, the elderly lady and her ecclesiastical companion entered. The young girl sauntered slowly to the steps of the terrace, and leaning against a huge vase as she looked over the garden, seemed lost in contemplation. Her face was turned towards the wood, but in quite another direction from where he stood.

There was something so gentle, refined and graceful in her figure, yet dominated by a girlish youthfulness of movement and gesture, that Alkali Dick was singularly interested. He had probably never seen an *ingénue* before; he had certainly never come in contact with a girl of that caste and seclusion in his brief Parisian experience. He was sorely tempted to leave his hedge and try to obtain a nearer view of her. There was a fringe of lilac bushes running from the garden up the slope; if he could gain their shadows, he could descend into the garden. What he should do after his arrival he had not thought; but he had one idea—he knew not why—that if he ventured to speak to her he would not be met with the abrupt rustic terror he had experienced at the hands of the servants. She was not of that kind!

He crept through the hedge, reached the lilacs, and began the descent softly and securely in the shadow. But at the same moment she arose, called in a youthful voice towards the open window, and began to descend the steps. A half-expostulating reply came from the window, but the young girl answered it with the laughing, capricious confidence of a spoiled child, and continued her way into the garden. Here she paused a moment and hung over a rose-tree, from which she gathered a flower, afterwards thrust into her belt. Dick paused, too, half-crouching, half-leaning over a lichen-stained, cracked stone pedestal from which the statue had long been overthrown and forgotten.

To his surprise, however, the young girl, following the path to the lilacs, began leisurely to ascend the hill, swaying from side to side with a youthful movement, and swinging the long stalk of a lily at her side. In another moment he would be discovered! Dick was frightened; his confidence of the moment before had all gone; he would fly—and yet, an exquisite and fearful joy kept him motionless. She was approaching him, full and clear in the moonlight. He could see the grace of her delicate figure in the simple white frock drawn at the waist with broad satin ribbon, and its love-knots of pale blue ribbons on her shoulders; he could see the coils of her brown hair, the pale, olive tint of her oval cheek, the delicate, swelling nostril of her straight, clear-cut nose; he could even smell the lily she carried in her little hand. Then, suddenly, she lifted her long lashes, and her large grey eyes met his.

Alas! the same look of vacant horror came into her eyes, and fixed and dilated their clear pupils. But she uttered no outcry—there was something in her blood that checked it; something that even gave a dignity to her recoiling figure, and made Dick flush with admiration. She put her hand to her side, as if the shock of the exertion of her ascent had set her heart

to beating, but she did not faint. Then her fixed look gave way to one of infinite sadness, pity and pathetic appeal. Her lips were parted; they seemed to be moving, apparently in prayer. At last her voice came, wonderingly, timidly, tenderly: "Mon Dieu! c'est donc vous? Ici? C'est vous que Marie a crue voir! Que venez-vous faire ici, Armand de Fontonelles? Répondez!"

Alas, not a word was comprehensible to Dick; nor could he think of a word to say in reply. He made an uncouth, half-irritated, half-despairing gesture towards the wood he had quitted, as if to indicate his helpless horse, but he knew it was meaningless to the frightened yet exalted girl before him. Her little hand crept to her breast and clutched a rosary within the folds of her dress, as her soft voice again arose, low but appealingly:—

"Vous souffrez! Ah, mon Dieu! Peut-on vous secourir? Moi-même—mes prières pourraient elles intercéder pour vous? Je supplierai le ciel de prendre en pitié l'âme de mon ancêtre. Monsieur le curé est là—je lui parlerai. Lui et ma mère vous viendront en aide."

She clasped her hands appealingly before him.

Dick stood bewildered, hopeless, mystified; he had not understood a word; he could not say a word. For an instant he had a wild idea of seizing her hand and leading her to his helpless horse, and then came what he believed was his salvation—a sudden flash of recollection that he had seen the word he wanted, the one word that would explain all, in a placarded notice at the Cirque of a bracelet that had been *lost*—yes, the single word "*perdu*." He made a step towards her, and in a voice almost as faint as her own, stammered, "*Perdu*!"

With a little cry, that was more like a sigh than an outcry, the girl's arms fell to her side; she took a step backwards, reeled, and fainted away.

Dick caught her as she fell. What had he said!—but, more than all, what should he do now? He could not leave

her alone and helpless—yet how could he justify another disconcerting intrusion? He touched her hands; they were cold and lifeless; her eyes were half closed; her face as pale and drooping as her lily. Well, he must brave the worst now, and carry her to the house, even at the risk of meeting the others and terrifying them as he had her. He caught her up—he scarcely felt her weight against his breast and shoulder—and ran hurriedly down the slope to the terrace, which was still deserted. If he had time to place her on some bench beside the window within their reach, he might still fly undiscovered! But as he panted up the steps of the terrace with his burden, he saw that the French window was still open, but the light seemed to have been extinguished. It would be safer for her if he could place her *inside* the house—if he but dared to enter. He was desperate—and he dared!

He found himself alone, in a long salon of rich but faded white and gold hangings, lit at the further end by two tall candles on either side of the high marble mantel, whose rays, however, scarcely reached the window where he had entered. He laid his burden on a high-backed sofa. In so doing, the rose fell from her belt. He picked it up, put it in his breast, and turned to go. But he was arrested by a voice from the terrace:—

"Renée!"

It was the voice of the elderly lady, who, with the curé at her side, had just appeared from the rear of the house, and from the further end of the terrace was looking towards the garden in search of the young girl. His escape in that way was cut off. To add to his dismay, the young girl, perhaps roused by her mother's voice, was beginning to show signs of recovering consciousness. Dick looked quickly around him. There was an open door, opposite the window, leading to a hall which, no doubt, offered some exit on the other side of the house. It was his only remaining chance! He darted through it, closed it

behind him, and found himself at the end of a long hall or picture-gallery, strangely illuminated through high windows, reaching nearly to the roof, by the moon, which on that side of the building threw nearly level bars of light and shadows across the floor and the quaint portraits on the wall.

But to his delight he could see at the other end a narrow, lance-shaped open postern door showing the moonlit pavement without—evidently the door through which the mother and the curé had just passed out. He ran rapidly towards it. As he did so he heard the hurried ringing of bells and voices in the room he had quitted—the young girl had evidently been discovered—and this would give him time. He had nearly reached the door, when he stopped suddenly—his blood chilled with awe! It was his turn to be terrified—he was standing, apparently, before *himself*!

His first recovering thought was that it was a mirror—so accurately was every line and detail of his face and figure reflected. But a second scrutiny showed some discrepancies of costume, and he saw it was a panelled portrait on the wall. It was a man of his own age, height, beard, complexion and features, with long curls like his own, falling over a lace Van Dyke collar, which, however, again simulated the appearance of his own hunting-shirt. The broad-brimmed hat in the picture, whose drooping plume was lost in shadow, was scarcely different from Dick's sombrero. But the likeness of the face to Dick was marvellous—convincing! As he gazed at it, the wicked black eyes seemed to flash and kindle at his own—its lip curled with Dick's own sardonic humor!

From "Tales of Trail and Town." By Bret Harte. Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Publishers. Price \$1.25.

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"WHEN HE CAME TO HIMSELF."

The next morning, when my friend, the doctor, came, he found me reading

the Bible. It is strange what an attraction the book had for me. I had not been a specially religious man, but somehow its pages seemed now redolent with the most precious memories. Father, mother, wife, home, friends—all swept through my mind in their sweetest, dearest aspects as I read the sacred pages. The tears were coursing down my cheeks as he opened the door quickly and entered.

I have no doubt he had been watching me through the wicket for some time, though I had not been conscious of the fact. I had evidently been an object of suspicion for a long while. That was why I had been removed to this room. They suspected I had been restored to mental health and was now shamming insanity. He looked at me sharply for a moment, and then said in a kind and sympathetic tone:—

"You have come to yourself?" I did not answer.

"You know who you were before—before you became Number Ninety-six?" I bowed in affirmation.

"Will you tell me your name?" I shook my head.

He sat down; felt my pulse; looked at my tongue; examined my eyes; took my temperature.

"Everything normal," he said, when his examination was concluded. "How is the pain in your limbs?"

"Better."

"Did you have that before—before you lost yourself?" I made no answer.

"I think your locomotion has improved of late. Sit on the table here, please; let the leg hang naturally." He struck a sharp blow with the edge of his hand just below my knee. The foot flew forward a little way.

"Strange," he said; "the last time I tried it the tendon was dead; now it responds—not fully, of course, but perceptibly. Do you know, Ninety-six, you have had a wonderful recovery? It is not yet complete, but the cause of aberration seems to have disappeared. How would you like a horseback ride?"

No doubt my face showed my pleasure.

"You were fond of horses? Well, I



have a splendid saddle-beast, and will let you ride him as often as you choose if you will tell me your name."

I smiled at his shallow trick. I had become more composed now, and felt myself able to guard my secret.

"Doctor," I said, "you have been kind to me; I will be frank with you. I have been dead a good while, and now I must take time to learn what has happened in the meantime and decide whether it would be best to go back to the old life—or try to do so—or—"

"Do you know how long it has been?" he interrupted.

I pointed to the newspaper which lay folded under one of my books.

"Ah, I see. Well," he continued, after a long pause, "I will be frank with you, also. You were brought here eight years ago. Nobody knew anything about you. You were found wandering on a country highway; said you had lost something and that some one was pursuing you. Then you were, for a time, in a county asylum, where I found you and had you brought here, because I thought you might be restored. There was something familiar about you—especially your voice—as if I had seen or known you before. Hundreds of people have been here looking for friends. No one recognized you. Some have looked at you who were not friends—officers, you know, hunting for criminals. One time you came near being identified with a noted malefactor for whom a great reward was offered. Your teeth saved you. The man they sought had false teeth, but one rarely sees a mouth like yours—at your age, I mean. You must be—?"

"Twenty-five, at least, I should say, doctor." I could not help laughing at his little tricks to catch me.

"You do not mean to give me any hints," he responded, with a smile. "But you have. I have learned one thing at least."

"What is that?"

"You were a lawyer before you became my guest."

"Or a minister, perhaps," I suggested, holding up the little Bible I had been reading.

"No; your self-command is too perfect for that. Had you committed any crime, that you are afraid to be known?" His tone was anxious.

"Really, doctor," I said with a laugh, which I took pains to check before it was full grown, suddenly remembering that my laugh had been a very characteristic one in the old days, "really, I cannot say. I have a notion that I did; but it is not that which determines me to keep silent."

"I see," he answered, laughing also; "you are on guard. I shall have to watch and wait."

"You will never succeed."

"Well," he said, in a tone that meant that he would never give up the attempt, "maybe you are right. But now that you are recovering, you must have a name. I do not wish you to be known as 'Number Ninety-six' any longer. What shall it be?"

"Why not John Smith?"

"Too common. Try again."

"Nasmith, then; that is the negative—Nay-Smith."

"A bad derivation; but let that go. Any given name?"

"Why not Claudius?"

"Claudius Nasmith, eh?" He looked at me a moment with his eyes half closed. "Was it Claudius N. Smith?" he asked suddenly.

Then I could not keep from laughing.

"I see, Mr. Nasmith, it is to be a long game. Did you play chess?"

"A little."

"Enough to know the meaning of checkmate, I suppose?" he asked significantly.

"Or stalemate," I answered.

"Well," he responded pleasantly, "it will be a fair game. Would you like to take a ride? Of course; well, I will come for you after awhile. Good-morning."

He went out, closed the door, and shot the bolt. He did not yet believe in my complete restoration.

And I—what do you think I did? I sat for an hour repeating over to myself what had been said, rejoicing with unspeakable rapture in the words which were as old friends—friends met after

long absence, each one of whom brought greeting. How sweet it was to know them! How their syllables enchained my ear! How rapturous to feel their signification, to know their uses, to play the never-ending game of conversation once more!

I was not strong, and rapture wearied. I fell asleep, and when I woke Dr. Walcott was standing beside me and asking me to go down and lunch with him before we went to ride. Had the heavens opened I could not have been happier. If—if only I knew about my wife!

I went down the flights of stairs and along the halls as if I had been a friend visiting "the institution." I was afraid I should shout for joy, but knew it would not do to let my ecstasy be known. He led me to a pleasant room, where stood a daintily-appointed table, and asked me to be seated. A great fear took hold upon me. Suppose all this should vanish! Suppose it were a dream—one of the terrible dreams of the tomb wherein I had lain so long! I caught his hand.

"Doctor! Give me something—quick! Something—something numbing!"

"Quiet!" he said, holding my hand with a crushing grip.

It grew dark suddenly. A wave of black, hopeless despair rolled over me. Was I slipping back—back into the night? I was conscious of some stir about me.

"God send I have not been too hasty," I dimly heard the doctor say. "I did not think he was so weak."

A draught was put to my lips. When I came to myself I was in a little cottage outside the walls, and the birds were singing in the vines that clustered about it. A few days afterwards I took the ride which had been deferred. How luxurious the carriage seemed! How incomparable the horses! How inconceivably lovely the trees, the lawns, the—everything! I had been dead and was alive again! I was taken to a tailor's and fitted with a suit of clothes. How soft the stuff seemed! How lovely their sheen! How delightful it was to feel them on my body! Every nerve kissed them with rapturous greeting. The

dead was clothed in the garments of life. Lazarus was a gentleman once more.

From "The Man Who Outlived Himself." By Albion W. Tourgée. Ford, Howard and Hulbert, Publishers. Price 75 cts.

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THE PRESENT STATE OF CUBA.

The Insulars or liberal party have been getting the rudiments of political education by observing what has gone on in the republics of Spanish America and in the United States. People in their situation have no opportunities for gaining political experience of the kind with which all English-speaking countries are familiar. They start with a few general political ideas and have no means of testing their value save by insurrection. The first task is to overthrow the oppressor, and every patriot of this way of thinking is sure to be "agin" the government. \* \* \*

From 1851 to 1868 the smouldering fires found little chance for breaking into flame. The revolution of September, 1868, which drove Queen Isabella II. from Spain, furnished an occasion of which the Insulars were not slow to avail themselves. On October 10th the independence of Cuba was proclaimed by Carlos de Céspedes, who soon had a force of fifteen thousand men marching under his orders. In the following April a congress, assembled at the town of Guáymaro, framed a republican constitution for Cuba, and elected Céspedes president. Mexico and several states of South America at once recognized the Cubans as belligerents, and within two months Peru recognized them as an independent power.

The war thus begun lasted nearly ten years, until it was brought to an end by the treaty or capitulation of El Zanjón in 1878. It is known as the Ten Years' War. For the first two years the revolutionary forces seemed to have the advantage, but their cause was ruined by contentions and misunderstandings arising from the interference of the civil power with the military. The broth

was spoiled by too many cooks, and the single-willed despot was enabled to score a triumph over the many-headed King Demos. In 1873 the congress deposed Céspedes and elected in his place Salvador Cisneros, the same who again was president during Mr. Flint's stay in Cuba in 1896. Some mystery hangs over the circumstances of the death of Céspedes in 1874, but he seems to have been murdered by Spaniards.

The Ten Years' War was a terrible drain upon the resources of the government at Madrid. More than 150,000 troops were sent over from Spain, and of these more than eighty thousand are said to have found their graves in Cuba. The revolutionary forces were always much smaller than their antagonists, as well as inferior in arms and equipments; besides which, the Spanish navy controlled the water. The only prudent strategy for the insurgents was the Fabian kind that avoids pitched battles—a tedious policy, but apt to be highly effective in the long run. What the Cubans accomplished by such methods and by guerilla warfare was extremely encouraging. The net result of the Ten Years' War afforded good ground for the opinion that they might try the experiment of revolution once more with strong hopes of success.

That they would try it again could hardly be doubtful. The capitulation of El Zanjón was achieved only through the understanding that abuses were to be reformed. The first article of the document implicitly concedes to Cubans representation in the Cortes at Madrid. From such a concession further reforms were expected to follow. It was clear enough that nothing short of effective reform could prevent the renewal of revolution. No such reform was secured. As far as representation at Madrid was concerned, that was soon rendered a nullity by the Peninsulars contriving to get control of the polls and prevent the election of any but their own men. It is said that of the thirty deputies chosen in 1896, all but four were natives of Spain. Bearing this in mind, let us note some other features of political reform, as conceived by the

Spanish mind. The power of the captain general had been absolute. In 1895 an attempt was made to limit it by providing him with a council of thirty members, of whom fifteen were to be appointed by the crown and fifteen were to be elected by the people. Of course the same influence over elections which made representation at Madrid a mere farce would control the choice of councillors. It might safely be assumed that at least ten of the fifteen would be the abettors or the plant tools of the captain general. But to guard against any possible failure on this point, the captain general can "suspend" members who oppose him, until he has suspended fourteen of the thirty. If even then he cannot get a majority to uphold him, he is not yet at the end of his resources. Far from it. There is another advisory body, called the "council of authorities." Its members are the Archbishop of Santiago, the Bishop of Havana, the chief justice, the attorney general, the chief of the finance bureau, the director of local administration, and the commanders of the military and naval forces.<sup>1</sup> Armed with the consent of these advisers, who are pretty certain to be all of them Peninsulars, our captain general goes back to his refractory council and "suspends" all that is left of it. Then, like Wordsworth's river, he "wanders at his own sweet will."

Now one of the duties of this wonderful council was to regulate taxation and expenditures. So it made its budget, and if the captain general was satisfied with it, very well; if not, he just set it aside and did as he pleased. As Caliban would say, "As it likes me each time I do: so He!" After this, it need not surprise us to be told that each province in Cuba has its elected representative assembly, which the autocrat at Havana may suspend at his pleasure; or that the island is abundantly supplied with courts, whose decisions he is at full liberty to overrule. We learn next, as a matter of course, that if you write a book or pamphlet containing criticisms of the autocrat or his policy, you cannot

<sup>1</sup> For a more detailed account see Rowan and Ramsay, "The Island of Cuba," New York, 1897.

get it printed; or if you are an editor and publish such pestilent stuff in your paper, he forthwith claps you into durance vile, and confiscates a part or the whole of your balance at the bank. Political meetings as such cannot be held. Clubs for charitable purposes or for social entertainment may meet after due notice given the autocrat, so that he may be present himself or send his spies; then let the teller of anecdotes, the maker of jests, and the singer of songs keep the tongue well guarded, lest the company be dispersed before supper and the neighboring jail receive new inmates.

In such a political atmosphere corruption thrives. A planter's estate is entered upon the assessor's lists as worth \$50,000; the collector comes along and demands a tax based upon an assumed value of \$70,000; the planter demurs, but presently thinks it prudent to compromise upon a basis of \$60,000. No change is made in the published lists, but the collector slips into his own pocket the tax upon \$10,000, and goes on his way rejoicing. Thus the planter is robbed while the government is cheated. And this is a fair specimen of what goes on throughout all departments of administration. From end to end the whole system is honeycombed with fraud.

The people of Cuba would not be worthy of our respect if they were capable of submitting tamely to such wholesale oppression and pillage. They are to be commended for the spirit of resistance which showed itself in the Ten Years' War; and it is much to their credit that, after repeated proof of the hopelessness of any peaceful reform, they have once more risen in rebellion. It was early in 1895 that the present war broke out. To attempt to forecast its results would be premature. It is already obvious, however, that Spain's grasp upon the island is considerably weaker than before. She had not recovered from the strain of the Ten Years' War when the present struggle began. Stimulated to extraordinary efforts by the dread of revolution at home in the event of ill success, the Spanish gov-

ernment has shown desperate energy. Never before have such large armies been sent beyond sea. Such armies, however, are not worth their cost unless they can find and crush the enemy, and thus far the Fabian generalship of Gomez has defied them successfully. A lesson has been learned from the Ten Years' War, for this shrewd and farsighted leader accepted the chief command on condition that he should be free from all interference on the part of the civil authorities. The problem before him is, while avoiding battles against heavy odds, to keep up hostilities until Spain's ability to borrow money comes to an end. In such a policy he has much reason to hope for success.

The recent offer of autonomy to Cuba wears all the appearance of a last card played by Spain in distress. It is made in the hope of dividing the revolutionists into two parties of moderates and irreconcilables; but the few particulars thus far made public indicate that the card is not skilfully played, that the semblance of autonomy offered is too palpably deceptive. The attitude of Gomez, if it is correctly reported, seems to show that he realizes that, while there are many occasions in life in which compromises and half-measures are desirable, the present is not one of them.

For the sake of Cuba's best interests, it is to be hoped that she will win her independence without receiving from any quarter, and especially from the United States, any such favors as might hereafter put her in a position of tutelage or in any wise hamper her freedom of action. All people liberated from the blight of Spanish dominion need to learn the alphabet of free government. Cuba will have to learn it, as all the rest of Spanish America has had to learn it, and the fewer the impediments in her way the better. Undue influence on the part of powerful neighbors is sure to be such an impediment.

From "Marching with Gomez." By Grover Flint. With an Introduction by John Fluke. Lamson, Wolfe & Co., Publishers.

## BOOKS OF THE MONTH.

- Africa, Through South. By Henry M. Stanley, M. P. Sampson Low, Mars-ton & Co., Publishers.
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- Cathedral, The. By J. K. Huysmans. Translated by Clara Bell. Kegan Paul, Trench, Trübner & Co., Publish-ers.
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- Consecration of Hetty Fleet, The. By A. St. John Adcock. Skiffington & Sons, Publishers.
- Dickens, Charles. By George Gissing. "Victorian Era Series." Blackie & Son, Publishers.
- Durer, Albrecht. By Lionel Cust. Seeley & Co., Publishers.
- Europe, The Complete Pocket Guide to. Edited by Edmund Clarence Stedman and Thomas L. Stedman. Wm. R. Jenkins, Publisher. Price \$1.25.
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- India, A Literary History of. By R. W. Frazer, L.L.B. T. Fisher Unwin, Publisher.
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- Literature, A Short History of Modern English. By Edmund Gosse. D. Ap-pleton & Co., Publishers.
- Man Who Outlived Himself, The. By Albion W. Tourgée. Fords, Howard & Hulbert, Publishers. Price 75cents.
- Notes from a Diary. By the Rt. Hon. Sir Mountstuart E. Grant Duff, G.C. S.I. John Murray, Publisher.
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- Side Lights on Nature in Quill and Crayon. By E. T. Edwards. Kegan Paul, Trench, Trübner & Co., Pub-lishers.
- Spikenard: a Book of Devotional Love Lyrics. By Laurence Housman. Grant Richards, Publisher.
- Spring of the Day, The. By the Rev. Hugh Macmillan, D.D. Isbister & Co., Publishers.
- Tales of Trall and Town. By Bret Harte. Houghton & Mifflin, Publish-ers. Price \$1.25.
- Tonkin to India, From. By Prince Henri D'Orleans. Dodd, Mead & Co., Publishers. Price \$5.
- Transatlantic Traits. Essays by the Hon. Martin Morris. Elliot Stock, Publisher.
- Under the Red Crescent: the Advent-ures of an English Surgeon with the Turkish Army at Plevna and Erzroum, 1877-8. Related by Charles S. Ryan, M.B., and John Sandes, B.A. John Murray, Publisher.
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